1078 c 9.

THE

UNION

SONG-BOOK,

&c. &c. &c.

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THE

UNION SONG-BOOK:

OR,

VOCAL MISCELLANY.

BEING

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

SCOTS AND ENGLISH SONGS.

Likewiſe a Variety of

FAVOURITE AIRS AND CATCHES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

Toaſts, Sentiments, and Hob-Nobs,

&c. &c. &c.

Here the Compoſer has employ'd his care,
To chuſe what beſt might entertain the FAIR:
Each raviſh'd ear extols the heav'nly art,
Which ſoothes our care, and elevates the heart.

BERWICK:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

MUSIC has ever been in the higheſt eſteem in all ages, and amongſt all people; nor could authors expreſs their opinion of it more ſtrongly than by inculcating that it was one of the principal entertainments of the Gods. The effects aſcribed to it, by the Antients, are almoſt miraculous; by it diſeaſes are ſaid to be cured, incontinence corrected, ſeditions quelled, and paſſions raiſed and calmed.

Muſic made a very conſiderable part of the diſcipline of the ancient Pythagoreans, and was uſed by them to draw over the mind to laudable actions, and ſettle in it a paſſionate love of virtue.

To enter into a diſquiſition upon this ſcience, and point out its various modes in different nations, would require more room than the bounds of a Preface would admit of.

The Editor of the following Collection, thinks it incumbent on him to give

ſome reaſons for publiſhing the *Union Song-Book* at a time when publications of the ſame nature are ſo numerous; but moſt of thoſe, already publiſhed, have failed in giving that ſatisfaction which has generally been expected---Songs of little merit, and vulgar ballads have been introduced into every former collection---This is intended for the amuſement of the cheerful who live on both ſides of the Tweed: And if it meets with the approbation of the Public, he will publiſh a ſecond volume.

In collecting, recourſe has been had to moſt Song-Books, ancient and modern, publiſhed in the three kingdoms. It is therefore thought proper that a collection of *Toaſts, Sentiments, and Hob-Nobs*, are requiſite to render this Collection as complete as poſſible.

How far the Editor has united, in this Collection thoſe requiſites of labour and judgment, muſt be ſubmitted to the candour of the impartial Public.

BERWICK,
Oct. 4. 1781.

THE UNION SONG-BOOK:

OR,

BERWICK VOCAL MISCELLANY.

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

FAME let thy trumpet ſound,
Tell all the world around,
Great GEORGE is king.
Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
Britannia ſcorns their chain,
All their vile arts are vain,
Great George is king.

May Heav'n his life defend,
And make his race extend,
Wide as his fame.
Thy choiceſt bleſſings ſhed,
On his moſt ſacred head,
And make his foes to dread,
Great George's name.

He peace and plenty brings,
While Rome's deluded kings
Waſte and deſtroy.
Then let his people ſing,
Long live great George our king,
From whom ſuch bleſſings ſpring,
Freedom and joy.

RULE BRITANNIA.

By Thomſon.

WHEN Britain firſt at Heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe, aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain.

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never will be ſlaves.

The nations not ſo bleſs'd as thee,
Muſt in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak,
Rule, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore its circles thine.
Rule, &c.

The Muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſts repair;
Bleſt Iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, &c.

THE HERO.

He comes, he comes, the Hero comes!
Sound, ſound your trumpets, beat, beat your drums;
From port to port, let cannons roar,
He 's welcome to the Britiſh ſhore:
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the Britiſh ſhore.

Prepare, prepare, your ſongs prepare,
Loud, loudly rend the echoing air,
From pole, to pole, your joys reſound,
For virtue is with glory crown'd:
Virtue, virtue, virtue, virtue,
Virtue is with glory crown'd.

MISS LUCK.

A new Song.

From Rumford I came up to London,
As hearty and briſk as a buck,

But now I am ruin'd and undone,
By the bonny black eyes of Miſs Luck.

Good angels! from beauties defend us,
For if by their charms, we are ſtruck,
There 's nothing on earth that can mend us,
Unleſs they are kinder than Luck.

So true Cupid levell'd his arrow,
That deep in my liver it ſtuck,
The poiſon infected my marrow,
And made me quite mad for Miſs Luck.

O! that the fair handmaids of Hymen,
In bed us together might tuck,
All women I 'd ſcorn, and defy men
To make me unhappy with Luck.

O! how I would riot in pleaſure,
How ſweetly her chin would I chuck;
For ſure there are joys beyond meaſure,
In the delicate arms of Miſs Luck.

I 'd call her, my ſweet, and my honey,
My darling, my dear, and my duck;
And leave mean purſuits after money,
To wretches who never knew Luck.

I 'd treat her with cheeſe-cake and cuſtard,
With an Eſſex calf's heart or its pluck;
And that 's charming eating with muſtard,
Don 't you think the ſame, Suky Luck?

The pleaſure of jilts is decoying,
The baby's whole joy is to ſuck,
But all my delight would be toying,
And ſporting with merry Miſs Luck.

For riches the gods we importune,
And merchandiſe barter and truck;
But would we be favour'd by Fortune,
We muſt pay our addreſſes to Luck.

Dear Luck is this world's greateſt bleſſing,
She raiſes men out of the muck;
Then happy beyond all expreſſing
The mortal that 's marry'd to Luck.

KATHRINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's ſweet ſcent did cheer my brain,
From flow'rs which grew ſo rarely;
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She ſhin'd tho' it was fogie;
I aſk'd her name? Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is Kathrine Ogie.

I ſtood a while and did admire,
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an air there did appear,
In a country-maid ſo neatly.
Such natural ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a lily in a bogie;

Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame Kathrine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſs'd in robes but mean,
Yet they cannot diſguiſe thee.
Thy handſome air and graceful look,
Far excels any clowniſh rogie:
Thou 'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kathrine Ogie.

O were but I a ſhepherd ſwain!
To feed my flocks beſide thee,
At bughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee.
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but Kathrine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
And ſtateſmens' dang'rous ſtations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations.
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Kathrine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed,
For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed,
All other works of nature.

Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and fogie;
Pity my caſe, ye Pow'rs above!
Elſe I die for Kathrine Ogie.

THE VINDICATION OF THE FAIR.

A new Song.

THE wicked wits, as fancy hits,
All ſatirize the fair;
In proſe and rhyme, and ſtrains ſublime,
Their foibles they declare:
The kind are bold, the chaſte are cold,
Theſe prudiſh, thoſe too free;
Ye curious men! come tell us then,
What ſhould a woman be?

But hard 's the taſk and vain to aſk,
Where optics are untrue;
The Muſe ſhall here th' indicted clear,
And prove the crimes on you.
The rake is eloy'd, when ſhe 's enjoy'd,
On whom his wiſh was plac'd;
The fool deny'd, affects the pride,
And rails to be in taſte.

But not like theſe the men of bliſs,
Their ſure criterion fix;
No, Wiſdom cries, my ſons ariſe,
And vindicate the ſex:

'Tis their's to prove thoſe ſweets of love
Which others never ſhare;
And evidence that none have ſenſe
But who adore the fair.

Ye blooming race! with ev'ry grace,
Celeſt'ally impreſt,
'Tis your's to quell the cares that dwell
Within the human breaſt!
At beauty's voice our ſouls rejoice,
And rapture wakes to birth;
And Jove deſign'd th' enchanting kind
To form a heav'n on earth.

Oh! ev'ry art to win the heart,
Ye dear Inſpirers! try;
Each native charm with faſhon arm,
And let Love's lightnings fly.
And hence, ye Grave! your counſel ſave,
Which youth but ſets at nought;
For women ſtill will have their will,
And ſo I think they ought.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
No Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure do yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant ev'ry buſh.
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We 'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray?
While happily ſhe lies aſleep.
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I 'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

No beauty with her may compare;
'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
She 's faireſt where thouſands are fair,
Love's graces all around her do dwell.
Say, Charmer! where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed.

THE ANGLER.

A new Song.

All in the fragrant dawn of day,
Ere Phœbus ſpreads abroad his beams,

The early angler takes his way
To verdant banks of cryſtal ſtreams.

CHORUS.

If health, content, and peaceful muſing charm,
What ſport, like angling, can our cares diſarm?

There ev'ry ſenſe delight enjoys;
Zephyr with odours loads his wings,
Flora diſplays ten thouſand dyes,
And varied notes the warbler ſings.
If health, content, &c.

There on the flow'ry margin plac'd,
Pleas'd, he beholds the finny brood.
Thro' the tranſparent fluid haſte,
Darting along in queſt of food.
If health, content, &c.

The ſkilful angler opes his ſtore,
Paſte, worm, or fly, his hook ſuſtains,
And quickly ſpreads the graſſy ſhore
With ſhining ſpoils, which crown his pains.
If health, content, &c.

If ſome fierce ſtorm in ſhow'rs deſcends,
A gloomy grove's thick ſhade is near,
Whoſe grateful umbrage ſafe defends
Till more inviting ſkies appear.
If health, content, &c.

There peaceful thoughts his mind engage,
To crowded noiſy ſcenes unknown;

Wak'd by ſome bard's inſtructive page,
Or calm reflections, all his own.
If health, content, &c.

Thus whether fields or grove he roams,
Or by the ſtream his angle tends,
Pleaſure in new ſucceſſion comes,
And the ſweet rapture never ends.
If health, content, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

As on the banks of Tweed I lay reclin'd
Beneath a verdant ſhade,
I heard a ſound more ſweet, than pipe or flute,
Sure more enchanting was not Orpheo's lute;
While liſt'ning and amaz'd I turn'd my eyes,
The more I heard, the greater my ſurpriſe;
I roſe and follow'd, guided by my ear,
And in a thick-ſet grove I ſaw my dear;
Unſeen, unheard, (ſhe thought) thus ſung the maid:

To the ſoft murmuring ſtream I will ſing of my love,
How delighted am I when abroad I can rove,
To indulge a fond paſſion for Jockey my dear, [near.
When he's abſent I ſigh, but how blyth when he's
'Tis theſe rural amuſements delight my ſad heart,
Come away to my arms love, and never depart,
To his pipe I could ſing, for he's bonny and gay.
Did he know how I lov'd him, no longer he'd ſtay.

Neither linnet nor nightingale ſing half ſo ſweet;
And the ſoft melting ſtrain did kind echo repeat,

It ſo raviſh'd my heart and delighted my ear,
Swift as light'ning I flew to the arms of my dear:
She, ſurpriz'd, and detected, ſome moments did ſtand,
Like the roſe was her cheek, and the lily her hand,
Which ſhe plac'd on her breaſt, and ſaid Jockey I fear
I have been too imprudent; pray how came you here?

For to viſit my ewes, and to ſee my lambs play,
By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did ſtray,
But my Jenny, dear Jenny! how oft' have I ſigh'd,
And vow'd endleſs love if you would be my bride:
To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair,
Where the knot of affection ſhall tye the fond pair,
To the pipe's ſprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,
And will bleſs the dear grove, by the banks of the [Tweed.

SONG.

Too plain, dear youth! theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for love's ſake, let it ſuffice
You reign triumphant there.
Forbear your utmoſt pow'r to try,
No further urge your ſway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhould obey.

But could your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Would you a maid undo?
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you.

Say would you uſe that very pow'r,
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour,
A life of ſpotleſs fame?

Ah! ceaſe, my dear, to do an ill,
Becauſe perhaps, you may;
But rather try your utmoſt ſkill,
To ſave me than betray.
Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard,
Defend and not purſue;
Since 't is a taſk for me too hard
To ſtrive with love,—and you.

JOCKEY.

My laddie is gane far awa' o'er the plain,
While in ſorrow behind I'm forc'd to remain;
Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in bloſſom, and ſweet blows the thorn,
No pleaſure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can pleaſe now, my Jockey's away;
Forlorn I ſit ſinging, and this is my ſtrain,
Haſte, haſte my dear Jockey to me back again,

When lads and their laſſes are on the green met,
They dance, and they ſing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment ſee;
Thoſe pleaſures offend me, my ſhepherd's not there,
No pleaſures I reliſh that Jockey don't ſhare;
It makes me to ſigh, I from tears ſcarce refrain;
I wiſh my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope ſhall ſuſtain me, nor will I deſpair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wiſhes I'll feaſt,
For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haſte:
Then, farewell, each care, and adieu, each vain ſigh,
Who 'll then be ſo bleſs'd or ſo happy as I;
I'll ſing on the meadows, and alter my ſtrain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

SONG.

COME, my lads, with ſouls befitting,
Never let us be diſmay'd,
Let 's avenge the wrongs of Britain,
And ſupport her injur'd trade.
The true ſpirit of the nation,
In our honeſt hearts we bring,
True, tho' in an humble ſtation,
To our country and our king.

On our naval ſtrength depending,
Let us ſteer old England's courſe;
When affronted, vengeance ſending,
Shew the world Old England's force,
Then loud peals of Britiſh thunder,
Rattling on each hoſtile ſhore,
Shall make haughty France knock under,
Nor ſhall dare inſult us more.

May all Engliſh tars like you, boys,
Prove on ſhore true hearts of gold,
To their king and country true, boys,
And be neither bought nor ſold:

Let the landmen, without party,
  Act like brethren of the flood,
To one cauſe alone be hearty,
  And be that their country's good.

Then thro' all the mighty ocean,
  The Engliſh croſs ſhall honour find,
Far as wave can feel a motion,
  Far as flag can move with wind.
Then inſulting monarchs ſhowing
  More regard, ſhall humbler be,
This old truth of Britain knowing,
  As they're brave, they will be free.

THE HIGHLAND MARCH.

In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But anceſtors fought, and they fought not in vain.

CHORUS.

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our old anceſtors, we ſtand by freedom's cauſe;
We 'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applauſe,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate cuſtoms our ſinews embrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race;

Our loud-founding pipe bears the true martial ſtrain,
So do we the old Scottiſh valour retain.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are ſwift as the roe which the hind doth aſſail:
As the full moon in Autumn our ſhields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our ſpear.

As a ſtorm in the ocean, when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we ruſh on our foes;
We ſons of the mountains, tremend'ous as rocks,
Daſh the force of our foes with our thund'ring ſtrokes.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boaſting till we did advance;
But when our claymores they ſaw us produce,
Their courage did fail and they ſu'd for a truce.

In our lands may the fury of faction long ceaſe,
May our councils be wiſe, and our commerce increaſe;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends ſtill prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

CHORUS.

Then we 'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late poſterity, to fight in freedom's cauſe,
That like our anceſtors of old, for honour and applauſe,
May defy the French and Spainards to alter our laws.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

In Love in a Village.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove,
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers to whoſe fall,
Melodious birds ſing madrigal.

There will I make beds of roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies,
A cap of flow'rs, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold:

A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

WILL you go to the ewe-bughts Marion,
And wear in the ſheep wi' me;
The ſun ſhines ſweet my Marion,
But nae half ſae ſweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Juſt on her bridal-day.

And ye's get a green-ſay apron,
And waiſtcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
When ye gang to the town.

I'm young and ſtout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forſake me Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean;

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle of th' cramaſie,
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt and ſee ye.

SONG.

On courting I went to my love,
Who 's ſweeter than roſes in May,
But when I got to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I ſay.

I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully reſolved to woo her,
But may I ne'er be worth a farthing,
If of love I ſaid any thing to her.

But I aſk'd her which way was the wind?
For I thought on ſome talk I muſt enter;
Why, Sir, (ſhe made anſwer and grinn'd)
Have you juſt ſent your wits for a venture!

That I look'd like a fool—you 'll allow,
As often I have done before,
But meaning my courage to ſhow,
I—look'd like a fool once more.

I preſs'd her hand cloſe to my breaſt,
Then my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I ſaid, I proteſt,
But, madam, 't is mighty fine weather.

To an arbour I her did attend,
She aſk'd me to ſit down by her,
But I crept to the furthermoſt end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

The devil was in me, 'tis plain,
For wanting ſome thing to amuſe me,
Inſtead of revealing my pain,
I unluckily humm'd out—Excuſe me.

Next I follow'd her into the houſe,
And vow'd, I my fortune would try,
But there was I mute as a mouſe;
Oh! what a dull booby was I?

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain;
The Yellow Hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go,
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſylvans and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud air;
But Suſie was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That Madia in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth,
But Suſie was faithful, good humour'd and free.
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently ſour:
Then, ſighing, he wiſhed, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet Suſie his miſtreſs might be.

SONG.

WHILE boundleſs ambition and turbulent care,
Diſtracted poor mortals annoy,
The pure ſatisfaction of life let me ſhare,
And the ſweets of contentment enjoy.

Of the banquets of Luxury let me not taſte,
Nor on Want's meagre hardſhips ſubſide;
But with decent apparel and wholeſome repaſt,
Be the cravings of nature ſupply'd.

The tranſient amuſements of life I 'll deſpiſe,
With the burdenſome grandeur of ſtate;
Contentment and health let me gratefully prize,
For with theſe I am happy and great.

The fleeting ſenſations of empty delight
Have the ſatiating pow'r to cloy;
But the permanent pleaſures of virtue excite,
And inſpire us with laudable joy.

In theſe let me happily challenge a part,
(While by reaſon my life let me ſquare;)
No other enjoyments can gladden my heart,
Or exempt me from ſadneſs and care.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE laſs of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
She ſtole my heart away;
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green;
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand.
Thro' all my ſpirits ran
An ecſtaſy of bleſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd:
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopton's high mountains fill,

Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Patie's mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

THE TEMPEST.

Cease, rude Boreas bluſt'ring railer,
Liſt ye landmen unto me;
Meſs-mates hear a brother ſailor,
Sing the dangers of the ſea.
From bounding billows firſt in motion,
When the diſtant whirlwinds riſe,
To the tempeſt-troubled ocean,
When the ſeas contend with ſkies.

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,
By topſail ſheets and hallyards ſtand;
Down top-gallants, quick be hawling,
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces,
The lee topſail ſheets let go;
Looff, boys, looff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-ſails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
Freſh enjoyment, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms.

Around us roars the tempeſt louder;
Think what fears our mind inthrall;——
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatſwain's call!

The topſail yards point to wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courſe;
Let the fore-ſheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſpritſail-yard get,
Reef the mizzen, ſee all clear;
Hands up, each preventure brace ſet,
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder 's roaring!
Peals on peals contending claſh!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh.
One wide water all around us,
All above but one black ſky!
Diff'rent deaths at once ſurround us:——
Hark! what means yon' dreadful cry?

The foremaſt 's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve foot 'bove deck!
A lake beneath the cheſtree 's ſprung out!
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the laniards cut to pieces,
Come my hearts be ſtout and bold;
Plumb the well, the lake increaſes,
Four feet water 's in the hold!

While o'er the ſhip the wild wave 's beating,
We for wives and children mourn:

Alas! from hence there 's no retreating;
Alas! to them there 's no return.
Still the lake is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
Only He can ſave us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! her mizzen-maſt is gone.
The lake we 've found, it cannot pour faſt,
We 've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Then up and rigg a jury fore-maſt,
She 's tight, ſhe 's tight, boys, wear of ſhore.

Now once more, on joys we 're thinking,
Since kind Fortune ſav'd our lives;
Come the can, boys, let 's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it,
Cloſe to the lips, the brimmer join.
Where 's the tempeſt now? who feels it?
None;—our danger 's drown'd in wine.

AULD ROBIN GREY.

When the ſheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to ſleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa's in ſhow'rs frae my ee.
When my gudeman lyes ſound by me,

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and he ſought me for his bride,
But ſaving a crown he had naething beſide;
To mak' that crown a pund, my Jemmy gade to ſea,
And the crown and the pund were bath for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa'
When my mither ſhe fell ſick, and the cow was ſtoun awa';
My father brak' his arm, and my Jemmy at the ſea,
And auld Robin Grey came a courting me.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna' ſpin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;
Auld Rob mantain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee.
Said Jenny for their ſakes, O marry me.

My heart it ſaid nay, I look'd for Jemmy back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ſhip it was a wrack.
The ſhip it was a wreck, why didna Jemmy die?
And why did I live to ſay waes me?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither did ſpeak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the ſea.
Auld Robin Grey is a gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When ſitting ſae mournfully at the door,

I ſaw my Jemmy's wrath for I coudna think it he.
'Till he ſaid, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O ſair did we greet; and muckle did we ſay;
We took but ae kiſs, and we tore ourſelves away.
I wiſh I were dead? but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to ſay waes me?

I gang like a ghaiſt, and carena to ſpin;
I darena think on Jemmy, for that wou'd be a ſin;
But I'll do my beſt a guide wife to be,
For auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

LIFE. A SONG.

Tune—Diogenes ſurly and proud, &c.

SINCE life is a load we muſt bear,
No more let us under it groan;
Keep we but a ſtranger to care,
The world as it pleaſes may frown.
The cautions of that ſullen ſot,
Inceſſantly tingle the ear,
With, O man! conſider thy lot,
A title to hope and to fear.

We allow all this may be right,
Yet experience, who guides me along,
Is fam'd for true judgment and ſight,
Beſides an unpreduic'd tongue.
Experience o'er care muſt prevail,
Whoſe maxims the weightieſt we find;
Tho' care be for heaping his ſcale,
With ſcruples far lighter than wind.

The courtier affects the gay place;
The lover his pain would remove:
The one is preferr'd by his grace,
The other ſucceeds in his love.
The courtier—what now?—has reſign'd!
(Mere whiſpers thoſe wretches diſgrace)
And Chloe, diſcovers her mind
Was not on a par with her face.

Dull mortals why ſeek ye for bliſs.
'Tis what will ne'er fall to your lot;
Tho' the bottle, the purſe, and the miſs,
Pretend they the ſecret have got.
Since that th' game we play, is in jeſt;
At the cards no more anxious I'll peep:
For ſhould trumps hold me out to the laſt,
Juſt nothing's the profit I reap.

FAIR SUSANNAH.

Ask if yon' damaſk roſe be ſweet,
That ſcents yon' ambient air;
Then aſk each ſhepherd that you meet,
If dear Suſannah's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
And warble thro' the grove?
Bid wanton ſinnets quit the ſpray,
Then doubt thy ſhepherd's love.

The ſpoils of war let heroes ſhare,
Let pride in ſplendour ſhine;
Ye Bards! unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Suſannah mine.

TULLOCHGORUM.

BY A CLERGYMAN AT ABERDEEN.

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roſet well your fiddleſticks,
But baniſh vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorm;
Nor fortes *wi'* pianos *mix*——
Gie's Tullochgorum. FERGUSON.

COME gie 's a ſang, the lady cry'd,
And lay your diſputes all aſide,
What ſignifies 't for folks to chide
For what 's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their whipmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To ſpend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' ſing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum 's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony ſumph that keeps up ſpite,
In conſcience I abhore him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
And make a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a'
As lang 's we ha'e a breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be ſo great a phraſe
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain Strathſpays
For half a hundred ſcore o'em.
They 're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They 're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They 're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Their allegro's, and a' the reſt,
They cannot pleaſe a Highland taſte,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themſelves oppreſs,
Wi' fear of want and double ceſs,
And ſilly ſauls themſelves diſtreſs
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Sour and ſulky, ſour and ſulky,
Shall wi' ſa' ſour and ſulky ſit,
Like auld Philoſophorum?
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Wi' neither ſenſe, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna riſe to ſhake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choiceſt bleſſings ſtill attend
Each honeſt hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
  Be a' that 's good before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
  And danties a great ſtore o'em.
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unſtain'd by any vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat
  That 's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the diſcontented fool,
Who wants to be Oppreſſion's tool,
May Envy gnaw his rotten ſoul,
  And blackeſt fiends devour him.
May dole and ſorrow be his chance,
Dole and ſorrow, dole and ſorrow,
May dole and ſorrow be his chance,
  And honeſt ſouls abhore him.
May dole and ſorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
  The reel of Tullochgorum!

THE BEER-DRINKING BRITON.

Ye true honeſt Britons, who love your own land,
Whoſe ſires were ſo brave, ſo victorious and free;
Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
Come join honeſt Britons in chorus with me.

CHORUS.

Let us ſing our own treaſures, Old England's good cheer,
The profits and pleaſures of ſtout Britiſh beer:
Your wine tippling, dram ſipping, fellows retreat,
But your beer drinking Britons can never be beat.

The French, with their vineyards are meagre and pale,
They drink of the ſqueezing of half-ripen'd fruit;
But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
Are roſy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with our poles,
We 'll bang their bare ribs, make their lanthron-jaws ring;
For your beef-eating, beer-drinking, Britons are ſouls,
Who will ſhed their laſt drop for their country and king.

CHORUS.

Let us ſing our own treaſures, Old England's good cheer,
The profits and pleaſures of ſtout Britiſh beer:
Your wine tippling, dram ſipping, fellows retreat,
But your beer drinking Britons can never be beat.

THE GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Beſs to Jean did ſay,
Will ye gang to yon' ſunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do ſtray,
And ſport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah na, laſs! I'll ne'er gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
For he 's tane up wi' Maggy.

For hark! and I will tell you, laſs,
Did I not ſee your Jamie paſs,
Wi' mickle gladneſs in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he gae her mony a kiſs,
And Maggy took them ne'er amiſs:
'Tween ilka ſmack pleas'd her wi' this,
That Beſs was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kiſs I ſeek,
She turns her head and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour ſhe 'll ſcarcely ſpeak;——
Who 'd not call her a gawkie?
But ſure my Maggy has mair ſenſe,
She 'll gie a ſcore without offence;
Now gi'e me ane unto the menſe,
And ye ſhall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
But I will never ſtand for ane,

Or twa when we do meet again,
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, laſs! that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as theſe are far frae me,
Or ony thy ſweet face that ſee,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whiſht, nae mair of this we 'll ſpeak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Inſtead of Meg, he kiſt ſae ſweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Beſs! I hardly knew,
When I came by your gown ſae new,
I think you 've got it wet wi' dew.
Quoth ſhe, That 's like a gawkie.

It 's wat wi' dew, and 't will get rain,
And I 'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but ſweet!
If I ſhould gang another gate,
I ne'er cou'd meet my dawtie.

THE TAYLOR.

A new Song.

Of all the profeſſions that are in the city,
Which in ballads have ſhone either ſtupid or witty,
The beſt, I am certain, a taylor's can fit ye.
Which no-body can deny.

All other profeſſions to ruin are prone,
Excepting the gentleman taylor's alone,
To be out at the elbows, he never was known!
Which no-body can deny.

When ſad revolutions the ſtate hath oppreſt,
Amidſt the confuſion the taylor lives bleſt,
For his coat he can turn, to the ſide he likes beſt.
Which no-body can deny.

In ſuch times when free-booters do wait to trapan.
The taylor give trouble to no-body can,
For no-body fears the ninth part of a man.
Which no-body can deny.

How happy might ev'ry man be with his lot,
Wou'd he mind the example the taylor hath taught,
According to cloth, for to cut out his coat.
Which no-body can deny.

Over too many folk their faults have command,
And who tries to amend 'em may be at a ſtand,—
But a taylor is always on the mending hand.
Which no-body can deny.

Whigs are hated by Tories, and envied to boot,
In praiſe of a Tory a Whig, Sir, is mute,
While a taylor both ſides of the queſtion doth ſuit.
Which no-body can deny.

Our lives are but ſpans—but the taylor hath far'd
Much better than us—and indeed 't would he hard
If his life was not longeſt—who lives by the yard.
Which no-body can deny.

A lawyer will ſtretch out your ſuit by degrees,
An immoderate length for the ſake of his fees,
But a taylor will clip it—as ſhort as you pleaſe.
Which no-body can deny.

ABSENCE.

Tune—My apron Dearie.

Ah Chloe! thou treaſure, thou joy of my breaſt,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a ſtranger to reſt;
I fly to the grove there to languiſh and mourn,
There to ſigh for my charmer and long to return:
The fields all around me are ſmiling and gay,
But they ſmile all in vain,—my Chloe's away;
The field and the grove can afford me no eaſe,
But bring me my Chloe, a deſart will pleaſe.

No virgin I ſee, yet my boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, tho' glowing with charms;
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the eye,
Theſe are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.
Theſe looks where bright Love like the ſun ſits en-
And ſmiling defuſes his influence around; [thron'd,
'Twas thus I firſt view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd,
Thus gaz'd I with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then, the dear fair one was ſtill in my ſight,
It was pleaſure all day, it was rapture all night;
But now by hard fortune, remov'd from my fair,
In ſecret I languiſh, a prey to diſpair;
But abſence and torment abate not my flame,
My Chloe's ſtill charming, my paſſion the ſame;
Oh! would ſhe preſerve me a place in her breaſt,
Then abſence would pleaſe me, for I would be bleſt.

THE HUNTRESS.

A ſoft powder'd beau, a ſimpering cit,
A wily attorney, a rake, and a wit,
Endeavour'd to gain a briſk huntreſs's heart,
But ſhe brav'd their efforts and trifling art.

The wit ſwore by his fancy, the beau by his face,
The lawyer made warrant, that he 'd fit her caſe;
The cit, madman try me, I 'll give you full meaſure,
The rake day and night vow'd he 'd labour to pleaſe her.

I proteſt, ſays the nymph, your talk 's very gallant,
But faith I muſt ſee how you practiſe your talent:
Then mount, lads, and ſhew how well you can ride,
Whoe'er 's the beſt jockey, ſhall make me his bride.

A horn quick ſhe winds and leaps on her ſteed,
The lovers purſue o'er the wild with wing'd ſpeed;
But the daſtardly fops were thrown out of view,
Cries the nymph, d—l take ſuch an impotent crew!

Juſt then a brave wight crack'd his whip and came up,
Like a cork from a bottle, flying by with a pop;
'Twas the chaplain of Bacchus, t' whom vot'rys repair,
To worſhip their god at his ſhrine in the ſquare.

The nymph, pious maid! rever'd th' god of wine,
And in ecſtaſy cry'd—Is the chaplain mine?—

Oh! ſtop my dear Jockey, 't is luckly done,
You I love the beſt—then take me, you 've won,

The bargain was ſeal'd, the bells merrily ſound,
Honeſt topers now hunt, honeſt hunters drink round;
'Tis fit to both deities your off'rings to pay,
For Bacchus and Diana are united to day.

SONG.

Wrote by a Lady.

WEEP not, ye ſtreams of ſilver Tay!
Nor mourn, ye flow'ry banks! ſae bonny,
Tho' wars have call'd my love away,
Heav'n will protect my faithful Johny.

CHORUS.

'Twas Fame that urg'd him to the field,
'Twas Fame inſpir'd him thus to leave me;
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd the glitt'ring ſhield,
But ah! how much our parting grieves me.

Let dad and fretful mother ſcold,
And for ſome richer laird deſign me;
Yet neither pow'r, nor pomp, nor gold,
From youthful Johny ſhall incline me.

What 's wealth compar'd to him I love?
To him for ever fond to pleaſe me?
The live-long day beneath the grove
To kiſs, to clap, to bleſs, and ſqueeze me!

Weep not, ye ſtreams of ſilver Tay!
Nor mourn, ye flow'ry banks! ſae bonny,
Tho' arms allur'd my love away,
Heav'n will return unhurt my Johny.

CHORUS.

'Twas Fame that urg'd him to the field,
'Twas Fame inſpir'd him thus to leave me;
Pleas'd, I ſurvey'd the glitt'ring ſhield,
But, ah! how much our parting grieves me.

SONG.

Tune—The Hounds are all out.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford;
Than a girl that will ſociably ſit on my knee,
And a cellar that's ſociably ſtor'd,
My brave boys, &c.

My vault door is open, deſcend ev'ry gueſt;
Spoil that caſk—ay, that wine we will try;
'Tis as ſweet as the lips of your love to the taſte,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye,
My brave boys, &c.

In a piece of ſlit hoop I my candle have ſtuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glaſs for that purpoſe I've broke,
For I hate that a bumper ſhould ſtand,
My brave boys, &c.

Aſtride on a but, for a but ſhould be ſtrod,
I ſit my companions among;
Like grape-bleſſing Bacchus, (the good fellow's god)
And a ſentiment give, or a ſong,
My brave boys, &c.

We are dry where we ſit, tho' the ouzing drops ſeem
The moiſt walls with wet pearls to emboſs;
From the arch, moulding cobwebs in Gothic taſte
Like ſtucco-work cut out of moſs. [ſtream,
My brave boys, &c.

My cellar's my camp, my ſoldiers my flaſks,
All glorioufly rang'd in review;
When I caſt my eyes round, I conſider my caſks,
As kingdoms I 've yet to ſubdue,
My brave boys, &c.

I charge ſpoil in hand, and my empire maintain,
No Ancient more patriot-like bled;
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
And myſelf for my bucks I drink dead,
My brave boys, &c.

Sound that pipe, 't is in tune, and thoſe bings are
well fill'd,
View that heap of Pyrmont in the rear;
Yon' bottles are Burgandy, ſee how they 're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier,
My brave boys, &c.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear ſhould be ſhed,
No *hic jacet* engrav'd on my ſtone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And write that *His drinking is done:*
My brave boys, *&c.*

SOCIAL POWERS.

COME now all ye ſocial Pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with joy the preſent hours,
Enliven thoſe before us:
Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull Care behind us.

CHORUS.

Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull Care behind us.

Friendſhip with thy pow'r divine,
Brighten all our features;
What but friendſhip, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous paſſion;
But will ne'er bow down before,
Thoſe idols Wealth and Faſhion.

Why the plague ſhould we be ſad,
  Whilſt on earth we moulder;
Whether we 're merry, grave, or mad,
  We ev'ry day grow older.

Then ſince Time will ſteal away,
  Spite of all out ſorrow;
Heighten ev'ry joy to day,
  And never mind to morrow.
Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
  Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
  And leave dull Care behind us.

CHORUS.

Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
  Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
  And leave dull Care behind us.

JOCKEY.

As Jockey was trudging the meadows ſo gay,
  So blithe and ſo bonny his air;
He met a young laſs who was going his way,
  Her face all ſo clouded with care:
He aſk'd her what made her ſo mopping and ſad?
  'Twas pity if ſhe were in pain:
She ſigh'd, I have loſt the very beſt lad,
  And I never ſhall ſee him again!

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,
  Quoth Jockey, who troubles you ſo?

Or elſe, where on earth he can never appear,
Where you and I ſurely muſt go?
No, he's fled, ſhe reply'd, with another from me,
Tho' to me he was plighted for aye;
O'er the mountains he's gone with another from me,
And therefore I cannot be gay.

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,
He's a loon, who is not worth your pain;
Let him go ſince he's chang'd, be you wretched no more
Nor think of a falſe-hearted ſwain:
But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,
Whom fortune has thrown in your way,
I'll ſoothe all your grief, and I'll baniſh your ſmart,
Here I'm ready to do as I ſay.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he ſung her a ſong,
Her face look'd no longer diſpair;
He whiſper'd of love as they ſaunter'd along,
And ſhe thought him a lad worth her care:
She ſmil'd and grew pleas'd, late a ſtranger to joy,
And Jockey perceiving her kind,
More preſſing was grown, and the laſs was leſs coy,
So he drove the falſe loon from her mind.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Ye Monſieurs of France, and ye Dons of proud Spain,
Take heed, or you 'll get a good drubbing again;

We often have beat you moſt ſoundly of yore,
And my word for 't we 'll meet you, and beat you
once more.

CHORUS.

Encore, encore, encore, encore!
And my word for 't we 'll meet you, and beat you
once more.

Our ſoldiers and ſailors are equally free,
To face you by land, or to face you by ſea;
And ſhould you be tempted to brave Britain's ſhore,
My word for 't, they 'll met you, and beat you once
more.

Our ſhips are ſtill built of the ſame Britiſh oak,
And ſince Britiſh hearts you are leagu'd to provoke,
You 'll find them the ſame, that you've oft done before,
For they pant but to meet you, to beat you once
more.

No true ſon of Neptune will flinch from his gun,
No bold ſon of Mars will you ever ſee run;
In purſe little rich, tho' in ſpirit not poor,
They wiſh but to meet you, and beat you once more.

The dollars of Spain too, are neat pretty things,
And will furniſh our ſweethearts with ribbon and rings,
Nay ſtake but ye Frenchmen, one ſmall Louis D'or,
E'en for that we will fight you, and beat you once
more.

'Tis freedom, bleſt freedom! that points all our darts
That nerves all our hands, and that ſteels all our
hearts.

For that we would all die a thouſand times o'er,
Wer't not better to live, and to beat you once more.

From George to uſurp the command of the main,
Believe me, falſe Burbon! the effort 's in vain;
Your madneſs deſert, and his goodneſs implore
Leſt we beat you ſtill worſe, than we e'er did before.

CHORUS.

Encore, encore, encore, encore!
And my word for 't we 'll meet you and beat you once more.

SONG.

WHO has e'er been at Baldock muſt needs know the mill,
With the ſign of the horſe at the foot of the hill;
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
And the old and the young all promiſcuouſly go.

To this mill tho' great numbers do daily repair,
It is not for the ſake of the drink or the air;
The greater part, let them ſay what they will,
Go to ſee and admire the ſweet laſs of the mill.

For the man of the mill has a daughter ſo fair,
With ſo eaſy a ſhape, and ſo graceful an air;
That once on the river's green bank as ſhe ſtood,
Faith I thought it was Venus juſt ſprung from the flood.

But on looking again I perceiv'd my miſtake,
For Venus, tho' fair, has the looks of a rake;
And nothing but virtue and modeſty fill
The more beautiful looks of the laſs of the mill.

Sweet Molly! for that is the name of the fair,
To the joy of each neighbouring ſwain and the care;
Each old bachelor melts in the flames of her eyes,
And each young one quite in an ecſtaſy dies.

Prometheus ſtole fire out of heav'n, the bards ſay,
To enliven the man, which he made out of clay;
Had Molly been with him, the fire of her eyes
Had ſav'd him the trouble of robbing the ſkies.

Would once more the three goddeſſes put in their claim
For the apple, and Molly put in for the ſame;
Were I judge, without more demurring about it,
By Jove the three goddeſſes ſhould go without it.

Hold, hold! ſays my neighbour, here ſtop thy career
Prithee finiſh thy ſong, and let 's drink to the fair;
Pray where ſtands the bottle, full brimmers we 'll fill,
Let 's all drink the health of the laſs of the mill.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Colin with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay;

Of Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roſlin caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the cheerful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet Muſe! the breathing ſpring,
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a ſong.
To Nanny raiſe the cheerful lay,
O bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add now graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong.
Then let my raviſh'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine.
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the Spring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd heart of mine.

THE ANSWER.

From Roſlin caſtle's echoing walls
Reſounds my ſhepherd's ardent calls:
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I ſhould obey.
His melting ſtrain and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love diſplay,
I yield—no longer can refrain
To own my love, and bleſs my ſwain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful, pleaſing flame, I feel;
My ſoul retorts the am'rous ſtrain,
And echoes back in love again.
Where lurks my ſongſter? from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bow'r,
Where mutual love may bleſs ſecure.

Ye vocal hills! that catch the ſong,
Repeating, as it flies along:
To Colin's ear my ſtrain convey,
And ſay I haſte to come away:
Ye Zephyrs ſoft! that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the ſoothing tale;
In whiſpers all my ſoul expreſs,
And tell, I haſte his arms to bleſs.

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

The bluſh of the Aurora new tinges the morn,
And dew-drops beſpangle the ſweet-ſcented thorn,
Then ſound, brother ſportſmen, ſound, ſound, the gay horn,
Til Phœbus awakens the day;
And ſee! now he riſes in ſplendor how bright!
Io Pæan! for Phœbus the god of delight,
All glorious in beauty, now baniſhes night.
Then mount, boys, to horſe and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace!
Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,
And in our ſwift courſers what beauty and grace,
While we the fleet ſtag do purſue.
At the deep and harmonious ſweet cry of the hounds,
Wing'd with terror, he burſts from the foreſt's wide bounds,
Yet tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds,
Still, ſtill, we ſhall keep him in view.

When chac'd till quite ſpent, he his life does reſign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's ſhrine,
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
That hunter ſo mighty of fame:
Our glaſſes then charge to our country and King,
Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially ſing, ring,
Wiſhing health and ſucceſs, till we make the houſe
To all ſportſmen and ſons of the game.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And froſt and ſnaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blaſts ſae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell, my wife wha lo'es nae ſtrife,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up goodman ſave Cromy's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

O Bell, why doſt thou ſlight and ſcorn?
Thou kenſt my cloak is very thin:
It is ſo bare and overworn,
A crike he thereon cannot rin.
Then I 'll nae langer borrow nor lend,
For ance I 'll new apparell'd be,
To morrow I 'll to town and ſpend,
For I 'll hae a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an uſeful cow,
And ſhe 's come of a good kine;
Aft has ſhe wat the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that ſhe ſhou'd tyne;
Get up, goodman it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie:
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;

But now its ſcantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn 't this threty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we 'll die;
Then I 'll be proud, ſince I hae ſworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they coſt him ha'f-a-crown:
He ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown;
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou 'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Ev'ry land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind of corn has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not ſee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe?
I 'll hae a new cloak about me,

Goodman, I wat 'tis threty years
Since we did ane another ken;
And we hae had between us twa,
O' lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now, they are men and women grown,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, ſhe lo'es nae ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman;
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I 'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

SONG.

One morning betimes, in the firſt week of May,
Along the green hedge-rows I happened to ſtray;
To gather ſweet May-dew, to make me grow fair,
To hear the birds ſing, and breathe the freſh air,
So artleſs and happy was Cloe.

Theſe rural amuſements were all I 'd in view,
Regardleſs of men, for their arts, I ne'er knew;
But Favonius the lovelieſt of all the gay train,
Came tuning his lute, o'er his father's domain,
Yet happy and careleſs was Cloe.

He aſk'd why ſo early abroad I was come,
And begg'd I 'd allow him to wait on me home;
Then told me he 'd long had a friendſhip for me,
So pure and ſincere he wiſh'd ne'er to be free,
Then ſtrange felt the heart of poor Cloe.

No laurels he crav'd, but to make me more kind,
For in peace—and in war—I run ſtill in his mind.—

What anſwer to all theſe fine things cou'd I make;
That for him I wou'd live, and I'd die for his ſake,
How chang'd was the heart of poor Cloe.

Oh no! ye grave matrons, I did not ſay ſo,
Tho' I wiſh'd him to ſtay, yet I beg'd he wou'd go;
His King and his country call'd him to their aid,
More fit for a ſoldier than courting a maid,
But pat went the heart of poor Cloe.

Soon after, one eve as we ſat in the grove,
He told me he 'd orders, next day to remove;
How painful is abſence, O Cloe! he cry'd,
Will you never be kind, muſt I ſtill be deny'd,
Let us love e'er we part, O my Cloe!

He preſs'd me t 'accept of a ring of his hair,
With a ſmile I receiv'd it, and promiſed to wear:
How bleſs'd have you made me! now, Cloe, I 'll go,
As love is my ſhield I will force ev'ry foe,
And bring home great treaſure to Cloe.

I gave him my hand, for my heart he 'd before,
That if e'er he returns we 'll be parted no more:
Aſſiſt me all ye that have felt the ſoft flame,
To pray that Favonius may come ſafe again
To bleſs and be bleſs'd by his Cloe.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

Beneath a green ſhade, a lovely young ſwain
One ev'ning reclin'd to diſcover his pain;

So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
Rude winds, wi' compaſſion, could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms firſt flaſh'd in my view;
Thoſe eyes then, wi' pleaſure, the dawn cou'd ſurvey,
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more chearful than they:
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight,
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure and languiſh in light.

Thro' changes in vain, relief I purſue,
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew;
From ſunſhine to zephyrs and ſhades we repair,
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air:
But Lov's ardent fever burns always the ſame
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

But ſee the pale moon all clouded retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's deſires;
I fly from the danger of tempeſt and wind,
Yet nouriſh the madneſs that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens diſpair.

A FAVOURITE AIR IN MIDAS.

A POX of your pother about this or that,
Your ſhrieking or ſqueaking a ſharp or a flat;
I'm ſharp by my bumpers, you're flat, maſter Pol,
So here goes a ſet-to a toll-de-roll, loll,

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miſs Will o' the Wiſp the fools ſcamper,
Ding dong, in ſing ſong, they the lady extol;
Pray what's all this fuſs for, but—doll-de-roll, loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance medley race;
All ſtart in full cry to give dame Fortune chace;
There 's catch as catch can, hit or miſs, luck is all,
And luck 's the beſt tune of life's toll-de-roll,-loll.

I've done, pleaſe your worſhip, 'tis rather too long,
I only meant life is but an old ſong;
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
Where all act the ſcene of toll-loll-de-roll.

THE GEE.

A FRIEND of mine came here yeſtreen,
And he wou'd hae me down
To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
In the nieſt borrows-town.
But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
Sae far the warſe for me,
For lang or ere that I came hame,
My wife had ta'en the gee.

We ſat ſae late, and drank ſae ſtout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang or ere midnight came,
We were a' roaring fou.
My wife ſits at the fire-ſide,
And the tear blinds ay her ee,

The ne'er a bed will ſhe ga'e to,
But ſit and tak' the gee.

In the morning ſoon when I came down,
The ne'er a word ſhe ſpake;
But mony a ſad and ſour look,
And ay her head ſhe'd ſhake.
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee
To look ſae ſour on me?
I 'll never do the like again,
If you 'll ne'er tak' the gee.

When that ſhe heard, ſhe ran, ſhe flang
Her arms about my neck;
And twenty kiſſes in a crack——
And, poor wee thing, ſhe grat.
If you 'll ne'er do the like again,
But ſtay at hame wi' me,
I 'll lay my life Iſe be the wife
That's never tak' the gee.

A HUNTING SONG.

The whiſtling plowman hails the bluſhing dawn,
The thruſh melodious drowns the ruſtic notes,
Loud ſings the blackbird thro' reſounding groves,
And the lark ſoars to meet the riſing ſun.

AIR.

Away to the copſe, to the copſe lead away—
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds,
—I 'll warrant he ſhew us, he ſhews us ſome play.
See yonder he ſkulks thro' the ground,

Then ſpur your briſk courſers, and ſmoke 'em my bloods,
'Tis a delicate ſcentlying morn,
What concert is equal to thoſe of the woods:
Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn,
The hounds and the horn,
The hounds and the horn,
The hounds and the horn,
Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn.

Each art ſee he tries at in vain,
The cover no ſafer can find,
So he breaks it and ſcowers amain,
And leaves us at diſtance behind.
O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly;
All hazard and danger we ſcorn,
Stout Rynard we 'll follow until that he die,
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn, &c.

And now he ſcarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue,
His ſpeed can no longer prevail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
From our ſtaunch and fleet pack, 't was in vain that he fled;
See his bruſh falls bemir'd, forlorn;
The farmers with pleaſure behold him lie dead,
And ſhout to the ſound of the horn.
The ſound of the horn,
The ſound of the horn,
The ſound of the horn,
And ſhout to the ſound of the horn.

SONG.

Tune—Banks of Forth.

Ye ſylvan Pow'rs that rule the plain,
Where ſweetly winding Fortha glides,
Conduct me to theſe banks again,
Since there my charming Molly bides.
The banks that breathe their vernal ſweets,
Where ev'ry ſmiling beauty meets;
Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
And cheer the heart of ev'ry ſwain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,
When I, amidſt the rural throng,
On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
And Molly's charms were all my ſong.
While ſhe was preſent all were gay,
No ſorrow did our mirth allay;
We ſung of pleaſure, ſung of love,
And muſic breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happieſt ſwain!
No adverſe fortune marr'd my joy;
The Shepherds ſigh'd for her in vain,
On me ſhe ſmil'd, to them was cōy.
O'er Fortha's mazy banks we ſtray'd;
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid:
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the graſſy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Molly lull'd aſleep:
My heart then leap'd with inward bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd, and ſtole a kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and faintly blam'd,
Why, Damon, are you not aſham'd?

Oft' in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their muſic chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we ſung our loves,
And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a general ſmile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely proſpect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the ſky.

Ye ſylvan Pow'rs! ye rural Gods!
To whom we ſwains our cares impart,
Reſtore me to thoſe bleſs'd abodes,
And eaſe, oh eaſe! my love-ſick heart:
Theſe happy days again reſtore,
When Moll and I ſhall part no more;
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing arms,
And crown my bliſs with all her charms.

A HUNTING SONG.

The ſun from the eaſt tips the mountains with gold,
And, the meadows all ſpangled with dew-drops, behold.
The lark's early mattin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful ſummons rebukes our delay.

CHORUS.

With the ſports of the field ther's no pleaſure can vie
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport,
And the ſlave of the ſtate hunt the ſmiles of the court;
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives a zeſt to our joy.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The prieſt hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with diſgrace.

The cit hunts a plumb, while ſoldiers hunts fame;
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, tho' ſhe ſeems to refuſe,
Yet in ſpite of her airs, ſhe her lover purſues.

Let the bold and the buſy hunt glory and wealth,
All the bleſſings we aſk is the bleſſing of health;
With hounds, and with horns, thro' the woodlands to roam,
And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

CHORUS.

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While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

SONG.

Upon the French threatening us with an invaſion.

BRITONS with courage advance,
Stike home on this preſent occaſion,
Revenge your wrongs upon France,
Who threatens you with an invaſion;
But Monſieur come if you dare,
By gar, we 'll handle you cleverly,
And teach you with Engliſh bon-air,
The dance call'd *Roger de Coverley*.

Young Roger has left his plow,
And now he 's plowing the ocean;
John is a gentleman now,
A ſoldier in way to promotion;
The flail for the ſword he 's forſworn,
And now he 's for cutting and ſlaſhing,
Inſtead of taſking of corn,
Frenchmen he is for thraſhing.

Weſt country WILL, a brave blood,
As ever his country li't on,
Swears, zookers! it ne'er ſhall be ſaid,
That Monſieur had bully'd Great Britain.
You zoop-meagre ſlaves come away,
And leave off your gaſconading,
We 'll zhew you our weſt country play,
And zoon make you zick of invading.

Our Yorkſhire lads, loyal and true,
No better e'er belted in leather,
For their king and their country vow,
They 'll conquer or all die together:
The front in the battle array,
They crave as the moſt honoured ſtation,
To vict'ry they 'll lead you the way,
To Monſieur's mortification.

The ancient bold Britons of Wales,
There's Morgan the cock of Carnarven,
And Taffy ſwears, ſplutter-a nails!
For a while farewel to Carmarthen;
Hur 's ready with ſword and gun,
To give to Monſieur a meeting;
Hur laſt drop of blood ſhall run,
Hur 'll die before hur be beaten.

Quoth Sawney, if I ſtay at heame,
May the curſe of my country befa' me:
Says Jockey, if thou gang alean,
May the worſt devil ſcrat me and claw me:
For our kirk, king, and country, we 'll fight,
So long as to fight is the faſhion;
The thiſtle and roſe ſhall unite,
To give to Monſieur his thraſhing.

Hark! over the hills far away,
The merry bagpipes are a lilting;
The Highland lads bonny and gay,
Aw run for the ſhare of the tilting.

To the new weſtern world they 're bound,
Nae de'el nor deep ſea can afright 'em;
Wherever the French can be found,
With a hearty good will they will fight 'em.

Now, Monſieurs, make no delay,
King George and his Britons will meet you,
At landing by night or by day,
We all will moſt heartily treat you.
We 've lodgings tho' none of the beſt,
For the few whom good fortune may favour,
And graves where to bury the reſt,
That die of the hard dumplin fever.

THE PARSON.

A PARSON who had the remarkable foible
Of minding the bottle, much more than the Bible,
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be leſs preplext
In handling a tankard than handling a text:
Derry down, &c.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday he cri'd,
Make patience, my dearly beloved your guide;
And in your diſtreſſes, your trouble and croſſes,
Remember the patience of Job in his loſſes.
Derry down, &c.

The parſon had got a ſtout caſk of ſtrong beer
By way of a preſent——no matter from where——
Suffice it to know, it was toothſome and good,
And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood.
Derry down, &c.

While he the church-ſervice in haſte rambl'd o'er,
The hogs found a way thro' his old cellar door;
And by the ſtrong ſcent to the beer-barrel led,
Had knock'd out the ſpiggot, or cock, from its head.
Derry down, &c.

Out ſpouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
The unbidden gueſts quaff'd it merrily round;
Nor from their diverſion and merriment ceaſt,
'Till ev'ery hog there was as drunk as a beaſt.
Derry down, &c.

And now the grave lecture and pray'rs at an end,
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,
To be a partaker of Sunday's good chear;
And taſte his delightful October-brew'd beer.
Derry down, &c.

The dinner was ready, the things were laid ſnug,
Here wife, ſays the Parſon, go, fetch up a mug
But a mug of what, had ſcarce time to tell her,
When—yonder, ſaid ſhe, are the hogs in the cellar!
Derry down, &c.

To be ſure they've got in when we were at pray'rs;
To be ſure you're a fool, ſaid he, get you down ſtairs,
And bring what I bid you, or ſee what's the matter,
For now I myſelf hear a grunting and clatter.
Derry down, &c.

She went; and returning, with ſorrowful face,
In ſuitable phraſes related the caſe;
He rav'd like a madman about in the room,
And then beat his wife and the hogs with the broom.
Derry down, &c.

Was every poor fellow ſo peſter'd as I,
Quoth he, the ſlut makes all the houſe like a ſtye--
How come you to lock your d-n'd hogs in the kitchen.
Is that a fit place to put cattle, you b—h, in?
Derry down, &c.

Lord! huſband, ſaid ſhe, what a coil you keep here,
About a poor beggerly barrel of beer!
You ſhould *in your troubles, miſchances and croſſes*
Remember the patience of Job in his loſſes.
Derry down, &c.

A p—x upon Job! cried the prieſt, in a rage,
That beer, I dare ſay, was near ten years of age:
But you're a poor ignorant jade, like his wife;
For Job never had ſuch a caſk in his life.
Derry down, &c.

Now neighbour, while at the poor Vicar you grin,
Your caſe let me tell you 's not better a pin;
With goodneſs and wiſdom your theory back'd is,
But you're ten to one, knave and fool in your practice.
Derry down, &c.

Whoever you are, I'll be ſworn you're no ſaint;
Would you mend?——then yourſelf with your fail-
ings acquaint.
Theſe conquer; and then, give advice, if you chuſe;
For who 'd give you thanks for a thing you can't uſe.
Derry down, &c.

DONNEL AND FLORA.

When merry hearts were gay,
Careleſs of ought but play,
Poor Flora ſlipt away,
Sadd'ning to mora;
Looſe flow'd her coal-black hair,
Quick heav'd her boſom bare,
And thus to the troubled air,
She vented her ſorrow.

Loud howls the northern blaſt;
Bleak is the dreary waſte;
Haſte then, O Donnel haſte,
Haſte to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er
Since in a foreign ſhore,
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora,

Where now is Donnel dear:
Maids cry with taunting ſneer,
Say is he ſtill ſincere,
To his lov'd Flora!
Parents upbraid my moan;
Each heart is turn'd to ſtone.
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone
Friendleſs in Mora!

Come then, O come away,
Donnel, no longer ſtay:
Where can my rover ſtray
From his dear Flora.

Ah! ſure he ne'er could be
Falſe to his vows and me:
O Heaven!—is not yonder he
Bounding in Mora!

Never, O wretched Fair,
Sigh'd the ſad meſſenger.
Never ſhall Donnel mair
Meet his lov'd Flora.
Cold, cold, beyond the main,
Donnel thy love lyes ſlain.
He ſent me to ſooth thy pain,
Weeping in Mora.

Well fought our gallent men,
Headed by brave Burgoyne,
Our heroes were thrice led on
To Britiſh glory.
But ah! though our foes did flee.
Sad was the loſs to thee,
While ev'ry freſh victory
Drown'd us in ſorrow.

Here take this truſtly blade,
Donnel expiring ſaid,
Give it to yon dear maid
Weeping in Mora.
Tell her O Allan, tell
Donnel thus bravely fell,
And that in his laſt farewel
He thought on his Flora.

Mute ſtood the trembling Fair
Speechleſs with wild deſpair,

Then ſtriking her boſom bare
Sigh'd out poor Flora.
O Donnel! Oh welladay!
Was all the fond heart could ſay;
At length the ſound died away
Feebly in Mora.

SONG FOR AN AMAZON.

SWAINS I ſcorn, who, nice and fair,
Shiver at the morning air,
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the man that's made for me.

Slaves to faſhion, ſlaves to dreſs,
Fops themſelves alone careſs,
Let them without rival be,
They are not the man for me.

He whoſe nervous arm can dart,
The javelin to the tyger's heart,
From all ſenſe of danger free,
He's the man that's made for me.

While his ſpeed outſtrips the wind,
Lovely wave his locks behind,
From fantaſtic foppery free,
He's the man that's made for me.

Nor ſimpering ſmile, nor dimple ſleek
Spoil his manly ſun-burnt cheek,
By weather let him painted be.
He's the man that's made for me.

If falſe he prove, my javelin can
Revenge the perjury of man,
And ſoon another, brave as he,
Shall be found the man for me.

A SONG.

I'll tell you a ſtory, a ſtory, moſt merry,
Tho' not of the abbot of Conterbury;
But 'tis of King Edward, of high renown,
How his ghoſt, it appeared at fair Winſor town.
Derry down,

Yet what I have ſaid, is ſaid without heed,
As often men make, more haſte than good ſpeed;
For tho' I ſaid merry, the goſt of a King,
(Pray god bleſs the Queen,) is a very ſad thing.
Derry down, &c.

Then firſt it is meet that I ſhould unfold,
As brief as I can, what old ſtories have told
Of Edward that monarch of very great fame,
The man whom I mean, was the third of the name.
Derry down, &c.

This Edward in army was famous for proweſs,
Far greater, and bolder, than any one now is;
Two Kings at one time, his priſoners he got,
The tyrant of France, and eke the falſe Scot,
Derry down, &c.

O Lewis, O Lewis, 'tis happy for thee,
This Edward lives not, thy pride for to ſee;

Had thy grandſire laid hands on India or Spain,
He, or the black Prince, wou'd have ta'en 'em again,
Derry down, &c.

Moreover his army, they led ſuch a dance, [France
By the help of his hand that they conquer'd half
If any one doubt, theſe things have not been,
Why the ſword in the Abbey is ſtill to be ſeen.
Derry down, &c.

For all men of valour, his love it was ſuch,
That nothing he thought, for a warrior too much;
And therefore an Order for them did erect, [protect.
Who their king or their country cou'd bravely
Derry down, &c.

Such Heroes as theſe, king Edward did deck
With a collar of S S, which hung round their neck,
And likewiſe they wore, for to ſhow their exploits,
On their breaſt a great ſtar, on their knees honny ſoits.
Derry down, &c.

Then as I was ſaying, ſix nobles indeed,
March'd round Windſor caſtle in this very weed:
When all on a ſudden, the ſight for to ſpy,
The ghoſt of king Edward it came ſtalking by.
Derry down &c.

Theſe men I ſuppoſe, quoth the King in a trance,
Have help'd to pull down the tyrants of France;
Tuſh, tuſh, quoth the cobler, who'd taken a cup,
Why theſe be the folk, that have juſt ſet 'em up.
Derry down, &c.

Thou lieſt quoth the King, they are too innocent,
Then caſt he his eyes at Beauf—d and K—t,
As for t'other four, their names you may ſpare,
They are r-gues, but they look like worſe r-gues than
they are.
Derry down, &c.

If theſe are the things my order muſt wear,
Dear cobler, I wiſh, I had been what you are;
'Tis a farce, quo' the cobler, wou'd make a man
laugh. [ſtalk'd off.
Quoth the King, they're all ſ—ndrels and ſo he
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

A NEW SONG.

To fix her—'twere a taſk as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To ſow in Afric's barren ſoil,
Or tempeſts hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, ſhe's light as air,
Falſe as the fowler's artful ſnare,
Inconſtant as the paſſing wind,
As Winter's dreary froſt unkind.

She's ſuch a miſer too in love,
Its joys ſhe'll neither ſhare nor prove;
Tho' hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Bluſhing at ſuch inglorious reign,
I ſometimes ſtrive to break her chain;
My reaſon ſummon to my aid,
Reſolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend! 'tis but a ſhort liv'd trance,
Diſpell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and, I confeſs
Thoſe looks completely curſe or bleſs.

So ſoft, ſo elegant, ſo fair,
Sure ſomething more than human 's there;
I muſt ſubmit, for ſtrife is vain,
'Twas deſtiny that forg'd the chain.

A NEW WAR SONG.

TUNE——*Well met brother tar.*

MY Lords, with your leave
An account I will give,
That deſerves to be written in metre;
For the Rebels and I
Have been pretty nigh.
Faith almoſt too neigh, for Sir Peter.

With much labour and toil
Unto Sullivan 's Iſle
I came, fierce as Falſtaff or Piſtol;
But the Yankies (add rat 'em)
I cou'd not get at 'em)
Moſt terribly maul'd my poor Briſtol!

Bold Clinton by land
Did quietly ſtand
While I made a thund'ring clatter;
But the channel was deep,
So he only could peep,
And not venture over the water.

De'el take 'em their ſhot
Came ſo ſwift and ſo hot,
And the cowardly dogs ſtood ſo ſtiff, Sirs,
That I put ſhip about,
And was glad to get out,
Or they would not have left me a ſkiff, Sirs.

Now bold as a Turk,
I proceed to New-York,
Where with Clinton and Howe you may find me,
I've the wind in my tail,
And am hoiſting my ſail,
To leave Sullivan 's Iſland behind me.

But, my Lords, do not fear,
For before the next year,
(Although a ſmall iſland could fret us)
The continent whole
We ſhall take, by ſoul——
If the cowardly Yankies will let us.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of Rule Britannia, rule the Waves.

WHEN William by Britannia ſought,
Steer'd for her coaſt his gen'rous way;
This was the hope the hero brought,
And this the muſe 's warbling lay.
Riſe Britannia, riſe more great,
Freedom loves thy native ſeat,

The nations us'd to wear the chain,
May bow to prieſts, to tyrants bow;

Whilſt thou in Freedom's equal reign,
Shalt ſhine ſuperior to the foe.
Riſe, &c.

The Bigot ſtrove with ardent haſte,
To bend thee down to hell and Rome;
But vain, as ſmoke, the project paſt,
When truth's immortal hero came.
Riſe, &c.

Then conſcience rul'd the mind ſupreme,
Then ſuperſtition fled abhorr'd;
Law roll'd her unpolluted ſtream,
And ſafety ſung around his board.
Riſe, &c.

From this of Williams toils the meed,
Have Brunſwick's race thy rights maintain'd;
Beneath their beams hath Science ſpread,
And glory nobleſt lawrels gain'd.
Riſe, &c.

And now to guard and yet advance,
The honours of theſe favour'd lands;
To cheriſh arts, or guide the lance,
Of war, a Britiſh George commands.
Riſe, &c.

O monarch, dear as Heav'ns bleſt beams,
To thee, our hearts, our hands we give;
May thine and Charlotte's honour'd names
Roll down, whilſt time himſelf ſhall live.
Riſe, &c.

Till war ſhall ſtay his rapid car,
Thy praiſe to vict'ry lyre we'll ſing;
And ſtill more raptur'd notes prepare,
When peace her finiſh'd wreath ſhall bring.
Riſe, &c.

A SONG.

NYMPHS I hate who, wan and pale,
Borrow art, if nature fail;
Briſk and blooming let her be,
She's the girl admir'd by me!

Sway'd by envy, ſway'd by pride,
Which the gems of beauty hide,
Fair as Venus tho' ſhe be,
She's not form'd the girl for me!

She who's voice and wit can dart
Tranſports, thrilling thro' the heart,
Free from pride, from envy free,
She's the girl admir'd by me!

Who with negligence of art,
Performs the ſprightly dancer's part
Young, and blooming, blith, and free,
She's the girl admir'd by me!

Nor practis'd ſmile, nor borrow'd grace,
Should lend a luſtre to her face,
By nature let her painted be,
She's the girl admir'd by me!

If falſe, ſhe ne'er ſhall break my reſt,
I'll tear her from my wounded breaſt;
And another fair as ſhe,
Shall be found the girl for me.

A SONG.

I'LL ſing you a ſong of a modern date,
Concerning a damſel who had a good eſtate;
Rich, young, and beautiful, whoſe name it was Kate;
She was mightily teaz'd with admirers of late.
Admiration! admiration!
Oh the wonderful admiration!

The firſt was a beau, much reſembling an ape,
That had broken its chain, and made its eſcape;
He came into her preſence with many a ſcrape,
Cock ſure of the maid from his delicate ſhape.
Affectation, &c.

The next was a ſot, who came ſtaggering drunk,
Juſt as he had quitted his bottle and punk;
But his half rotten carcaſe ſo dev'liſhly ſtunk,
That his hopes were all blaſted, and projects were ſunk,
Intoxication, &c.

The next was a youth with a ſorrowful air,
Who had fallen a victim to love and diſpair;
He'd not the leaſt proſpect of gaining the fair,
So juſt came to die, and to end all his care.
Deſperation &c.

A Bully came next with a glove in his hat,
A ſtring of new oaths he had learnt quite pat;
He brag'd of his courage with impudent chat,
But to tell you the truth he'd have ſtarted at that.
Elevation, &c.

Then in came a Quaker, friend Elijah Prim,
Hid under the ſhade of a thirteen inch brim;
What ever he did 'twas the ſpirit mov'd him,
But I'm ſure he had none, for he mov'd not a limb.
Inſpiration, &c.

A Rake who had been of her fortune appris'd,
In a conjurer's habit his perſon diſguiſ'd;
Her fortune to tell, was the ſcheme he devis'd;
But his beard was pull'd of, and his cunning ſurpris'd.
Conjuration, &c.

An Iriſh dear Shoy was the next that came in,
Tho' bare were his buttocks, yet rough was his chin,
A blundering ſtory he ſtrove to begin,
But Kate by ſuch eloquence he could not win.
Botheration, &c.

At length a young Captain directed by fame,
Repair'd to the Damſel, and put in a claim;
His offers were ta'en, and he carried the Dame,
So if they are not happy, themſelves are to blame.
Conſummation, &c.

SONG.

I MET in our village a ſwain t'other day,
He ſtopt me, and begg'd me a moment to ſtay;
Then bluſh'd, and in language I ne'er heard before,
He talk'd much of love, and ſome pains that he bore:
But what was his meaning I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jeſſemine, violet and roſe,
He brings me, and ev'ry ſweet flower that grows;
The ſweeteſt, and gayeſt he picks from the reſt,
And begs me to wear theſe fine things in my breaſt,
But what is the meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At my feet the young ſhepherd I ſee,
Proteſting he never lov'd any but me;
He gazes with tranſport and kiſſes me too,
And ſwears that he'll ever be conſtant and true:
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how,

I oft ſee the tears ſtreaming faſt from his eyes,
And hear him, poor youth, breath a thouſaud of ſighs;
He tells me no nymph in the world is like me,
Nor ſhepherd alive ſo unhappy as he:
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear ſhepherd to me thus complain,
And ſay that my eyes are the cauſe of his pain;

Indeed ever ſince his ſad fate I deplore,
And I wiſh I knew how he might ſuffer no more,
I'll do all I can to relieve him I vow,
If he will be ſo kind, as to teach me but how.

SONG.

AWAKE, my love with genial ray,
The ſun returning gilds the day;
Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
The hawthorn blooms, the daſie glows,
The trees regain their verdant pride,
The turtle wooes his tender bride,
To love each warbler tunes the ſong,
And Forth, in dimples, glides along.

O more than blooming daſies fair!
More fragrant than the vernal air!
More gentle than the turtle dove,
Or ſtreams that murmur thro' the grove!
Bethink thee all is on the wing,
Theſe pleaſures wait on waſting ſpring;
Then come, the tranſient bliſs enjoy;
Nor fear what fleets ſo faſt will cloy.

SONG.

GAY Damon long ſtudy'd my heart to obtain,
The prettieſt young ſhepherd that pipes on the plain:
I'd hear his ſoft tale, then declare 'twas amiſs,
And I'd often ſay No, when I long'd to ſay Yes.

Laſt Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witneſs his flame;
Oh! take theſe, he cry'd, thou more fair than their fleece:
I could hardly ſay No, tho' aſham'd to ſay Yes.

Soon after, one morning, we ſat in the grove,
He preſs'd my hand hard, and in ſighs breath'd his love;
Then tenderly aſk'd, if I'd grant him a kiſs?
I deſign'd to ſay No, but miſtook and ſaid Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breaſt,
Ye gods! he cry'd, Chloe will now make me bleſt:
Come, let's to the church, and ſhare conjugal bliſs;
To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to ſay Yes.

I ne'er was ſo pleas'd with a word in my life;
I ne'er was ſo happy as ſince I'm a wife:
Then take, ye young damſels, my counſel in this,
You muſt all die old maids, if you will not ſay Yes.

ON FASHIONABLE CAPS.

A new Song.

No longer le warbe uſurp'd by the men,
Nor let 'em campaign it again and again, [pleaſe,
For the ladies have robb'd 'em, and now when they
Can fight with their weapons the *chevaux de frize*.

No longer 'tis needful to follow commanders,
To America, Germany, France, or to Flanders,

For walk but the mall, and each nymph that one ſees
Can teach one the uſe of the *chevaux de frize.*

By the maxims of armies, indeed we muſt own,
They 've been hitherto us'd as defences alone,
But the ladies, not govern'd by maxims like theſe,
Both attack and defend with their *chevaux de frize.*

Beſides, in the field it muſt not be forgot,
Theſe warlike machines were ſtill fix'd to a ſpot,
But the ladies (ſo little their practice agrees)
All carry about them their *chevaux de frize.*

Thus fattaly arm'd at all points to annoy,
Before and behind, on each ſide they deſtroy,
No ſafe-guard in diſtance, they kill us with eaſe,
If we dare but to look on their *chevaux de frize.*

THE NAVAL PRINCE.

LONG had the foes of England join'd,
Their ſpite and envy all combin'd,
To cruſh our happy ſtate.
The haughty Don ſent forth his power,
But Rodney in a happy hour,
Declar'd at once his fate.
Declar'd, &c.

'Twas then old oceans God appear'd,
Above the waves his head uprear'd,
His trident in his hand,

The tritons ſported on the main;
Each ſhell ſent forth a noble ſtrain,
While round the waves expand.

He ſtill'd the flood as thus he ſung,
Revenge! revenge! your country's wrong,
Her naval ſtrength evince.
Brave Royal William caught the ſound,
He cry'd, behold! my meſmates round,
And emulate your prince.

Brave Digby plac'd him by his ſide;
He drew his ſword with noble pride,
And dauntleſs paſs'd the word.
His heart diſdain'd to harbour fear,
Tho' one great ſhip blew up in air,
And all her thunders roar'd.

His royal heart with rapture glow'd,
He knew what to his ſire he ow'd,
And what his country's foes.
That perfidy by thoſe begun,
Should be ſubdu'd e'er they had done,
Before the ſcene muſt cloſe.

Aloud the Britiſh thunder roar,
Dread ſound to the Iberian ſhore,
Re-echo'd from afar.
All Afric's coaſts confeſs the fame,
While fame aloft repeats his name;
Prince William is at war.

The ſtraits are ours, Gibraltar's freed,
To crown the conqueſt numbers bleed,
Their admiral is taken.
Brave Royal William takes his ſword,
By every tar he is ador'd,
The dread of haughty Spain.

Now ſound again old Neptune cries,
Ye tritons tell rejoicing ſkies,
Young William is their own,
The child of heaven, with Rodney, Roſs,
And Digby to repair each loſs,
And guard his father's throne.

RODNEY TRIUMPHANT.

Come my boys we've beat the foe,
Who vainly ſought to fright us,
Rodney gave the glorious blow,
And Dons no more dare fight us.
For all of us are jolly tars,
Are Britain's ſons united,
With vigour we'll purſue the wars,
And ſee old Albion righted.
For all of us, &c.

France and Spain may do their beſt,
And ſtrain each nerve to beat us,
When Britons join they'll ſtand the teſt,
And prove they can't defeat us.
For all of us, &c.

Britiſh tars be ſtout and bold,
Honour lies before us,
Purſue it then 'tis more than gold,
And beauty will adore us.
For all of us, &c.

See the gale of fortune blows,
Let's fill our topſails to it,
Courage boys we've beat our foes,
And made the Bourbons rue it.
For all of us, &c.

While ſteerſmen quarrel at the helm,
Our foes preſume to brave us,
They ſwear they will us overwhelm,
And threaten to enſlave us.
Forgetting we are jolly tars,
And Briton's ſons united, &c.

We've ſhewn the undermining foe,
We value not their thunder,
Their perfidy we'll make them know,
And quickly bring them under.
For all of us, &c.

Crown the glaſs to Rodney's fame,
And his who Omoa ſtormed,
With Barrington and Provoſt's name,
Who well have Monſieurs warmed.
For all of us, &c.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

Sung by Mr Banniſter in the Summer Amuſement.

THE wand'ring ſailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find at laſt content and eaſe.
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When winds blow hard and mountains roll,
And thunders ſhake from pole to pole,
Tho' dreadful waves ſurrounding foam,
Still flattering fancy wafts him home,
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew,
The early ſcenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his favourite fair will boaſt,
This is the univerſal toaſt,
May we when toil and danger's o'er,
Caſt anchor on our native ſhore.

THE BROOM ON COWDENKNOWS.

THE NEW WAY.

WHEN ſummer comes the ſwains on Tweed,
Sing their ſucceſsful loves,

Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And muſic fills the groves.
But my lov'd ſong is then the broom,
So fair on Cowdenknows,
For ſure ſo ſoft ſo ſweet a broom,
Elſewhere there never grows.
Oh! the broom, the bonny, bonny broom, &c.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e're that dwelt on Tweed,
Cou'd play with half ſuch art:
He ſung of Tay and Forth and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader haughs and Leader ſide,
Oh! how I bleſs'd the ſound.
Oh! the broom, &c.

Not Tiviot braes ſo green and gay,
May with its broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the buſh aboon Traquair.
More pleaſing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At eve among the broom.
Oh! the broom, &c.

MODERN TASTE.

One morning young Roger accoſted me thus,
Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buſs;

Lord fellow, ſaid I, mind your plough and your cart;
Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,
Thank you for nothing, with all my heart.

Well, then to be ſure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a box with a paper of ſnuff;
I took it, I own, yet had ſtill ſo much art,
To cry thank you for nothing, with all my heart.

He ſaid, if ſo be, he might make me his wife,
Good lord, I was never ſo daſh'd in my life;
Yet could not help laughing to ſee the fool ſtart,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my conſent,
And with him one Sunday to chapel I went,
But ſaid 'twas my goodneſs, more than his deſert,
No to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parſon cry'd child, you muſt after me ſay,
And then talk'd of honour and love and obey;
But faith, when his reverence came to that part,
There I thank him for nothing with all my heart.

At night our briſk neighbours the ſtocking would throw,
I muſt not tell tales, but I know what I know;
Young Roger confeſſes I cur'd all his ſmart,
And I thank'd him for ſomething with all my heart.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The lawlands lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gawdy;
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie.

CHORUS.

O my bonny highland laddie,
My handſome charming highland laddie;
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward
Our lawland laſs, and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe,
To be the wealthieſt lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tarten plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiſs and be as glad,
Behind a buſh in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny &c.

Few compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heav'n preſerves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

How imperfect is expreſſion,
Some emotions to impart;
When we mean a ſoft confeſſion,
And yet ſeek to hide the heart:
When our boſoms all complaining
With delicious tumults ſwell,
Speak what trembling, fault'ring, dying;
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confuſion's roſy terror
Quite expreſſive paints my cheek;
Aſk no more, behold your error,

Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak:
What though ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air;
Mark my eyes, and as they languiſh,
Read what yours have written there.

Ah! that you could once conceive me,
Once my ſoul's ſtrong feelings view;
Love has naught more ſweet, believe me;
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true;
From you I am wild, deſpairing;
With you ſpeechleſs as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

A HUNTING SONG.

The duſky night rides down the ſky,
And uſhers in the morn;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,—The hounds, &c.
The huntſman winds his horn.

CHORUS.

And a hunting we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a hunting we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a hunting we will go,—o-oho,
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her huſband throws
Her arms, to make him ſtay;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it ſnows,—My dear, &c.
You cannot hunt to-day.

Yet a hunting, &c.

Away they fly to 'ſcape the rout,
Their ſteads they ſoundly ſwitch;
Some are thrown in, ſome are thrown out.--Some, &c.
And ſome thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting, &c.

At laſt from ſtrength to faintneſs worn,
Poor reynard ceaſes flight,
Then weary homeward we return,--Then weary, &c.
And drink away the night.
And a drinking, &c.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

WHILE the lads of the village ſhall merrily ah!
Sound the tabor I'll hand thee along,
And I ſay unto thee, that verily ah!
Thou and I will be firſt in the throng.
While the lads, &c.

Juſt then when the ſwain who laſt year won the dower,
With his mates ſhall the ſports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladneſs reſounds from each bower,
And thou long'ſt in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.

Thoſe joys which are harmleſs what mortal can blame,
'Tis my maxim that youth ſhou'd be free,

And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
ſame,
Believe me, thou'lt preſently ſee.
While the lads, &c.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low, let tempeſts tear the main-
maſt by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee my dear and love,
well ſtow'd,
Shall brave all danger, ſcorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging ſea;
In hopes to be once more,
Safe moor'd with thee.
Blow high, &c.

Aloft while mountain's high we go,
The whiſtling winds that ſcuds along;
And the ſurge roaring from below,
Shall my ſignal be to think on thee,
And this ſhall be my ſong.
Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all the crew,
The memory of their former lives;
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink to their ſweet-hearts and wives,

I'll have a ſigh and think on thee,
And as the ſhip rolls thro' the ſea,
The burthen of my ſong ſhall be.
Blow high, &c.

BRITANNIA's INVITATION.

COME ye lads who wiſh to ſhine,
Bright in future ſtory;
Haſte to arms, and form the line,
That leads to martial glory.
Beat the drum, the trumpet ſound,
Manly and united,
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And ſee your country righted.

Charge the muſket, point the lance,
Brave the worſt of dangers;
Tell the bluſt'ring ſons of France,
That we to fear are ſtrangers.
Beat the drum, &c.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
And her flag is rearing;
Always finds her ſons diſpos'd,
To drub the foe that's daring.
Beat the drum, &c.

Hearts of oak with ſpeed advance,
Pour your naval thunder,

On the trembling ſhores of France,
And ſtrike the world with wonder.
Beat the drum, &c.

Honour for the brave to ſhare,
Is the nobleſt booty;
Guard your coaſts, protect the fair,
For that's a Briton's duty.
Beat the drum, &c.

What if Spain ſhould take their parts,
Form a baſe alliance;
All unite and Britiſh hearts,
May bid the world defiance.
Beat the drum, &c.

THE DOG AND GUN.

EV'RY mortal ſome favourite pleaſure purſues,
Some to White's run for plays, ſome to Beatſon's for news:
Let arch Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applauſe,
And ſome triflers delight to hear Nichol's noiſe,
But ſuch idle amuſements I carefully ſhun,
And my pleaſures confine to my dog and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finiſh'd her ſummer's career,
And her maturing aid bleſt the huſbandman's care,
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harveſt home,
And the labours all o'er, and at leiſure to roam,
From the noiſe of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my gun.

When my pointers around me all ſteadily ſtand,
And there's not a dog ſtirs but the dog I command,
When the covey he ſprings, and I bring down my bird,
I've a pleaſure no paſtime beſide can afford,
No paſtime, no pleaſure, none under the ſun,
Can be equal to mine of my dog and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair,
And I bruſh through the thicket void of all fear,
There I exerciſe freely my levelling ſkill,
And with pheaſants and woodcocks my bag often fill.
Certain death where I find 'em they ſeldom can ſhun,
My dogs are ſo ſure, and ſo fatal my gun.

My ſpaniels ne'er babble, they're under command,
Same range at a diſtance, and ſome hunt at hand,
When a woodcock they fluſh, or a pheaſant they ſpring,
With heart-cheering notes how they make the woods ring!
Then for muſic let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

While I hunt o'er the brown ruſſet hills and the dales,
Gayful health I ſecure, breathing untainted gales,
Nature's beauties I view, and contemplate their ſource,
And kind providence ſee in its minuteſt courſe,

When bloods, bucks, and ſpouters, enjoy all their fun,
I envy them not, while I've dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the fate of the day,
And ſpread o'er the table my conquer'd ſpoils lay,
Then I think on my friends, and to each ſend a part,
For my friends to oblige, is the pride of my heart.
Thus the voice of the town, and its follies I ſhun,
And its pleaſures confine to my dog and my gun.

THE SONS OF THE TYNE.

TUNE, RURAL FELICITY.

ATTEND to our ſummons, ye Britiſh Electors,
'Tis Freedom announces your inſtant ſupport;
Nor longer your confidence place in protectors,
Who pillage your rights, and of laws make a ſport;
Britannia demands both your hearts and your hands;
Away to aſſiſt her, the cauſe is divine;
Come, ſee,
Freedom and Liberty,
Nobly exerting the ſons of the Tyne.

'Twas Liberty gave us our commerce and treaſure,
She taught us to cultivate ſcience and mirth,
To patronize learning, and ſocial pleaſure,
To lighten the heart, and give jollity birth:
Come, come, Briton's all, 'tis Liberty's call,

Away, with all ſpeed, to her ſacred ſhrine:
Come, ſee,
Freedom and Liberty,
Nobly exerting the Sons of the Tyne.

By Freedom all nations we hold in defiance,
The glory of Britain, o'er earth ſhe has hurl'd,
And monarchs deſpotic, now court her alliance,
The terror of ſtates, and the pride of the world:
Long, long, on our iſle, may Liberty ſmile,
And bleſs us with Brunſwick's illuſtrious line:
Come, ſee,
Freedom and Liberty,
Nobly exerting the Sons of the Tyne.

Be happy, ye fair ones, whom Freedom has given
The virtue and ſpirit, her cauſe to maintain,
Whoſe raiment e'er vies with the mantle of heav'n,
When Phœbus, unclouded, juſt ſtarts from the main;
To guard love and beauty, we make it our duty,
To aid their felicity, ever combine:
Come, ſee,
Daughters of Liberty,
Greeting, with rapture, the Sons of the Tyne.

THE CONTENTED MILLER.

In a plain pleaſant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill, and ſome meadows—(a freehold eſtate,)

A well-meaning Millar by labour ſupplies
Thoſe bleſſings that nature do grand ones denies;
No paſſions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His conſtant companions are health and content,
Their Lordſhips in lace may take note, if they will,
For he's honeſt—tho' daub'd with the duſt of his mill,

Ere the lark's early carrol ſalutes the new day,
He ſprings from his cottage, as jocund as May;
He chearfully whiſtles, reguardleſs of care,
Or ſings the laſt ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of ſtate,
Or bribing elections, in hope to be great;
No fraud, nor ambition, his boſom doth fill,
Contented he works if there's griſt for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-ſpun array,
At church he's the loudeſt to chant, or to pray;
Sits down to a dinner of plain Engliſh food;
And, though ſimple the pudding, his appetite's good:
At night, when the prieſt and exciſeman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouſe with Roger and John;
Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
—No monarch's more bleſt than the man of the mill.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE LOVE.

When trees did bud, and fields were green
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee';

Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn Davy, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
And ſoon I'll follow thee;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll ſoon follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this burn ſide;
And Mary was the bonieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be a bride.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were roſy, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight, to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and troth,
And a bonny bride he made her:
No more aſham'd to own her love,
Or ſpeak her mind thus free;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,

Down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll ſoon follow thee;
Gang Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll ſoon follow thee.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE, LUMPS OF PUDDING.

HOLLOW! keep it up boys, and puſh round the glaſs,
Let each ſeize his bumper, and drink to his laſs:
Away with dull thinking——'tis madneſs to think,
And let thoſe to be ſober who've nothing to drink.
Tal lal de ral, &c.

Silence that vile clock, with its iron-tongu'd bell,
Of the hour that's departed ſtill ringing the knell;
But what is't to us that the hours fly away?
'Tis only a ſignal to moiſten our clay.

Huzza! boys, let each take a bumper in hand,
And ſtand—if there's any one able to ſtand.
How all things dance round me!—'tis life, though my boys:
Of drinking and ſpewing how great are the joys!

My head! oh! my head!—but no matter, 'tis life;
Far better than mopping at home with one's wife:

The pleaſures of drinking you're ſure muſt be grand,
When I'm neither able to think, ſpeak, norſtand.

SONG.

HARMONIOUS Nine, ye daughters of Jove!
Aſſiſt me in ſinging the pride
And joy of all hearts, O! I would ſay my love,
The charming, the ſweet Sukey Hyde.

But why?—I the Muſes but vainly intreat,
As vainly her praiſe will be try'd;
For no words can expreſs the charms of the ſweet,
The beauteous, the dear Sukey Hyde.

When Agenor's daughter great Jove did poſſeſs,
Or to one in a ſhower did glide,
Thoſe intrigues he'd have left, as he could do no leſs,
To have courted the dear Sukey Hyde.

When Apollo fair Daphne purſu'd o'er the plain,
From the chace he'd have turned aſide,
Had dear Sukey been there, or have run back again,
To have met but the dear Sukey Hyde.

The omnipotent Mars wou'd his battles and arms,
And Venus' love have defy'd;
And a mortal become to have riſl'd the charms
Of the lovely, the ſweet Sukey Hyde.

Great Bacchus in form once aſſumed the grape,
To lie by a lovely nymph's ſide;
But her he'd have left, nor alter'd his ſhape,
To quaff bumpers to ſweet Sukey Hyde.

Grim Pluto who Proſerpine ſtole, as they ſay,
Wou'd have left her tho' ſhe had comply'd,
Had he this fair one ſeen, and have forc'd her away,
And his Queen had been dear Sukey Hyde.

The mighty Alcides by love was o'ercome,
And down to a diſtaff was ty'd,
That he would have forſaken and travell'd from home,
To have ſeen but the dear Sukey Hyde.

From the goddeſſes ſhe muſt have gained the prize,
Nor could Paris the palm have deny'd,
But have ſaid, when he'd ſeen her beautiful eyes,
Here I give it to ſweet Sukey Hyde.

I need not to mention the heroes and men,
That wou'd for this dear creature have dy'd,
Had they ſeen her, when I wou'd again and again,
For to gain but the dear Sukey Hyde.

Thou goddeſs of Love! dear Venus, I pray,
To thy ſupplicant now be a guide,
And in pity look down to direct me the way,
That I may gain the ſweet Sukey Hyde.

Shou'd you, O ye powers! be deef to my cry,
And ſo long in vain I have ſigh'd;
Then alas: with a broken heart I muſt die,
For love of the dear Sukey Hyde.

But cou'd I once ſee the thrice happy morn,
To make this dear creature my bride;
I'd eternally praiſe the time I was born,
For the ſake of my dear Sukey Hyde.

SAE MERRY AS WE HA'E BEEN.

A Lass that was laden'd with care
Sat heavily under yon thorn;
I liſten'd a while for to hear,
When thus ſhe began for to mourn:
Whene'er my dear ſhepherd was here,
The birds did melodiouſly ſing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that reſembled the ſpring.
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
My heart it is like for to break
When I think on the days we have ſeen.

Our flocks feeding cloſe by his ſide,
He gently preſſing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command:
My dear, he would oft to me ſay,
What makes you hard hearted to me?
Oh! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my ſight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve', when the reſt of the folk
Were merrily ſeated to ſpin,

I ſet myſelf under an oak,
And heavily ſighed for him,
Sae merry, &c.

SONG.

THE echoing horn calls the ſportſman abroad,
To horſe, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleaſure we feel in purſuing the fox!
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies:
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him—Huzza!
The traitor is ſeiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like Bacchanals, ſhooting and gay!
How ſweet, with a bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And loſe the fatigues of the day.
With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours;
Since life is no more than a paſſage, at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.

A MARTIAL LOVE SONG.

HARK! how the trumpet ſounds to battle!
Hark! how the thund'ring cannons rattle!
Cruel ambition now calls me away,
While I've ten thouſand ſoft kind things to ſay;
While honour alarms me,
Young Cupid diſarms me,
And Celia to charm me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms!
Hark! how the trumpet ſweetly charms!
Celia no more then muſt be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring, and enſigns diſplay'd;
The thoughts of promotion,
Inſpire ſuch a notion.
Of Celia's devotion;
No more I'm afraid.

Guard her for me, celeſtial powers;
Ye gods, bleſs the nymph with happy hours;
Oh! may ſhe ever to love me incline!
Such lovely perfections I cannot reſign.
Firm conſtancy grant her,
My true love ſhall haunt her,
My ſoul cannot want her,
She's all ſo divine.

SONG.

YE wrong heads, and ſtrong heads, attend to my ſtrain;
Ye clear heads, and queer heads, and heads without brains,
Ye thick ſculls, and quick ſculls, and heads great and ſmall,
And ye heads that aſpire to be heads over all.
Derry down, &c.

Ye ladies—I would not offend for the world,
Whoſe bright heads, and light heads, are feather'd and curl'd;
The mighty dimenſions, dame nature ſurpriſe,
To find ſhe'd ſo groſsly miſtaken the ſize.
Derry down, &c.

And ye petit Maitres, your heads I might ſpare,
Encumber'd with nothing but powder and hair,
Who vainly diſgrace the true Monkey race,
By tranſplanting the tail from its own native place.
Derry down, &c.

Enough might be ſaid, durſt I venture my rhymes;
On crown'd heads, and round heads, of theſe modern times;
But this ſlippery path let me cautiouſly tread,
The neck elſe may anſwer, perhaps for the head.
Derry down, &c.

The heads of the church, and the heads of the ſtate,
Have taught much, and wrought much, too much to repeat,
On the neck of corruption uplifted 'tis ſaid,
Some rulers alas! are too high by the head.
Derry down, &c.

Ye ſchemers, and dreamers of politic things,
Projecting the downfal of kingdoms and kings,
Can your wiſdom declare how the body is fed,
When the members rebel, and wage war with the head.
Derry down, &c.

Expounders, confounders, and heads of the law,
I bring caſe in point, do not point out a flaw;
If reaſon is treaſon, what plea ſhall I plead,
To your chief I appeal, for your chief has a head.
Derry down, &c.

On Britannia's boſom ſweet liberty ſmil'd,
The parent grew ſtrong while ſhe foſter'd her child;
Neglecting the offspring, a fever ſhe bred,
Which contracted her limbs, and diſtracted her head.
Derry down, &c.

Ye learned ſtate doctors your labours are vain,
Proceeding by bleeding, to ſettle her brain;
Much leſs can your art the loſt members reſtore,
Amputation muſt follow,—perhaps ſomething more.
Derry down, &c.

Pale goddeſs of whim! when with cheeks lean or full,
Thy influence ſeizes an Engliſhman's ſcull;
He blunders, yet wonders his ſchemes ever fail,
Tho' often miſtaking the head for the tail.
Derry down, &c.

A SONG *in praiſe of* HUNTING.

TUNE,—*I am a jolly toper.*

OF all our fond diverſions,
A hunter's is the beſt,
In ſpight of wars and party jars,
That ſport has ſtood the teſt,
And a hunting we will go, *&c.*

Of Nimrod, and of Eſau,
What gallant feats they tell?
On foot they follow'd hunting,
They lov'd the ſport ſo well. And *&c.*

O hadſt thou, brave Acteon,
But minded more thy game,
Thou ne'er hadſt paid ſo dearly
For peeping at——That fame. And &c.

Herſelf Diana's goddeſs,
The pride of famale race,
Prefer'd to am'rous fooling,
The pleaſures of the chace. And &c.

Orion, fooliſh hunter,
Lur'd by a petticoat,
In the mid-chace he loiter'd,
And ſo his fate he got. And &c.

But after this diſaſter,
He's made a heav'nly ſign,
That he at leaſt may view the ſport,
He can no longer join. And &c.

And hence it is, we hunters
Ne'er break a leg or arm;
For this our fellow ſportſman
Protects us all from harm. And &c.

Had Dido not lov'd hunting,
The am'rous Trojan brave
Her highneſs ne'er had ſolac'd,
In Juno's friendly cave. And &c.

Euripides, had hunting
Been lov'd but like thy books,

The hounds had not devour'd thee,
They know a ſportſman's looks. And &c.

If, friend, you're call'd a hunting,
Throw all your books aſide;
('Tis Horace thus adviſes)
And mount your horſe and ride. And &c.

Briſk action cures the vapours,
Th' effect of lazy ſloth,
And muſic makes us chearful,
So hunting's good for both. And &c.

The ſport of hunting renders
Our days ſo ſweet and long,
It makes us better reliſh
Our glaſſes and a ſong. And &c.

Our Laws prohibit hunting,
To the plebean race,
Nor is it meet the vulgar
Should royal ſports debaſe. And &c.

The Britiſh kings are hunters
And frequent in the chace,
They fear no more than we do,
A weather-beaten face. And &c.

Then fill a ſparkling bumper,
I'll take it off with glee,
To all our brother hunters,
In courſe his majeſty. And a hunting, &c.

THE GENTLE SAILOR.

GENTLE Sailor oft you've told me,
That you'd never leave your love;
To your vows now I muſt hold you,
Now's the time your truth to prove.

Is not Britain's flag degraded?
Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet?
Can a ſailor live upbraided,
While the French have dar'd to meet?

Hear me, gallant ſailor, hear me,
While our country has a foe,
He is mine; then come not near me,
I may weep, but you muſt go.

Can the ſons of Britain fail her,
While her daughters prove ſo true;
Their ſoft courage muſt avail her,
We love honour, loving you.

Tho' the flow'ry ſeaſon wooe's you,
To the peaceful ſports of May,
And lovers ſigh, ſo long to loſe you,
Love to glory muſt give way.

Love and honour both invite us,
Blow ye winds, auſpicious blow;
Every gale will moſt delight us,
That will waft us to the foe.

THE WISH.

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
And the meadows their beauty have loſt;
When nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt;
While the pleaſant inactive ſtands ſhiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northernly blow;
When the innocent flocks run for eaſe to the fold
With their fleeces all cover'd with ſnow.

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
And ſend forth their breath like a ſtream;
And the neat-looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
Fleaks of ice that ſhe find in her cream:
When the ſweet country maiden as freſh as the roſe
As ſhe careleſsly tripes often ſlides,
And the ruſtics loud laugh, if by falling ſhe ſhows
All the charms that her modeſty hides.

When the birds to the barn-door, hover for food,
As with ſilence they reſt on the ſpray,
And the poor tired hare in vain ſeeks the wood,
Leſt her footſteps her cauſe ſhould betray.
When the lads and the laſſes, in company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghoſts, till they're all in a ſweat:

Heav'n grant in this ſeaſon it may be my lot,
When the nymph whom I love and admire,

Whilſt the icicles hang from the eves of my coat,
I may thither in ſafety retire.
Where in neatneſs and quite, and free from ſurpriſe,
We may live, and no hardſhips endure,
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
But ſuch as each other may cure.

A SONG.

By a Brother of the Lodge of St. LUKE, Edinburgh.

TUNE,—*In the garb of old Gaul.*

IN the dreſs of free Maſons, fit garments for Jove,
With the ſtrongeſt attachment, true brotherly love,
We now are aſſembl'd, all jovial and free,
For who are ſo wiſe, and ſo happy as we!
And ſince we're bound by ſecrecy, to unity and love,
Let us, like Brethren, faithful to ev'ry Brother prove:
Thus, hand and hand, let's firmly ſtand,
All Maſons, in a ring,
Protectors of our native land,
The Craft, and the King.

Tho' ſome with ambition, for glory contend,
And when they've attain'd it, deſpiſe each poor friend,
Yet a Maſon, tho' noble, his fame to inſure,
Counts each Maſon his Brother, tho' ever ſo poor.
And ſince we're bound, &c.

But not to our Brethren alone we confine
That brotherly love, that affection divine;

For our kind-hearted ſiſters in that bear a ſhare,
And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the fair.
And ſince we're bound, by ſecrecy, to unity and love,
Let us, like brethren, faithful ſtill to ev'ry ſiſter prove, &c.

With juſtice, with candour, our boſoms are warm'd,
Our tongues are with truth and ſincerity arm'd;
We're loyal, we're truſty; we're faithful to thoſe,
Who treat us as friends, and we ſmile at our foes.
And ſince we're bound, &c.

We bend to the King, to our Maſter we bend;
For theſe are the rulers we're bound to defend:
And when ſuch a King, ſuch a Maſter ariſe,
As Britons, as Maſons, we've cauſe to rejoice.
And ſince we're bound, &c.

SONG.

JAMIE GAY.

As Jamie Gay gang'd blithe his way,
Along the banks of Tweed;
A bonny laſs, as ever was,
Came tripping o'er the mead:
The hearty ſwain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph ſurvey'd:
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Beſpake the pretty maid,

Dear laſſy, tell, why by thineſell
Thou haſt'ly wand'reſt here?
My ewes, ſhe cry'd are ſtraying wide;
Can'ſt tell me, laddy, where!
To town I'll hie, he made reply,
Some meikle ſport to ſee;
But thou'rt ſo ſweet, ſo trim and neat,
I'll ſeek the ewes with thee.

She gae'm her hand, nor made a ſtand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went;
The birds ſang ſweet the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the ſun had roſe to noon,
(The zenith of his pow'r,)
When to a ſhade their ſteps they made,
To paſs the mid-day hour:
The bonny lad, row'd in his plaid,
The laſs who ſcorn'd to frown;
She ſoon forgot the ewes ſhe ſought,
And he to gang to town.

SONG.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny ſailor,
With tears ſhe ſent him out to roam,

Young Thomas taking leave did tell her,
He left with her his heart at home;
She view'd the ſeas from off the hill,
And as ſhe turn'd her ſpinning wheel,
Sung of her bonny ſailor.

The wind grew loud, and ſhe grew paler
To ſee the weathercock turn round,
When, lo! ſhe ſpied her bonny ſailor
Come whiſtling o'er the fallow ground;
With nimble haſte he leap'd the ſtile,
Fair Sally met him with a ſmile,
And hugg'd her bonny ſailor.

Faſt round the waiſt he took his Sally,
But firſt around his mouth wip'd he,
Like home bred ſpark he cou'd not dally,
But preſs'd and kiſs'd her with a glee;
Through winds and waves and daſhing rain,
Said he, thy Tom's return'd again,
To bring a heart for Sally.

Welcome! cry'd ſhe, my conſtant Thomas,
Tho' out of ſight, ne'er out of mind,
Tho' ſeas our hearts have parted from us,
Yet ſtill my thoughts were left behind:
So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
That time nor abſence from my heart
Cou'd drive my conſtant Thomas.

This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
Which ſtill I've kept for her dear ſake

A thouſand times in am'rous folly
Her name has carv'd upon the deck.
Again this happy pledge returns,
To ſhew how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally.

This thimble, thou didſt give to Sally,
Whene'er I ſee I think on you,
Then why ſhould Tom ſtand ſhilly, ſhall I,
When yonder ſteple's in our view;
Tom never to occaſion blind
Now took her in the coming mind,
And went to church with Sally.

SONG.

Come gentle god of ſoft deſire!
Come and poſſeſs my happy breaſt!
Not fury like, in flame and fire,
In rapture, rage, and nonſenſe dreſt.

Theſe are the vain diſguiſe of love;
And, or beſpeak diſſembled pains,
Or elſe a fleeting paſſion prove——
The frantic fever of the veins

But come in friendſhip's angel-guiſe;
Yet dearer thou than friendſhip art:
More tender ſpirit in thy eyes;
More ſweet emotions at the heart.

Oh, come with goodneſs in thy train,
With peace, and tranſport, void of ſtorm;
And would'ſt thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Sweet are the charms of her I love.*

WOU'D heav'n indulge my fond deſire
And give ſome rural calm retreat,
Where peace attunes the ſylvan lyre,
And vernal woods the ſound repeat;
Where I my artleſs reed might join,
And mix in harmony divine;

And give my Delia to my arms,
Delia whom more than life I love,
In whom with all their varying charms,
A Pallas and a Venus move;
The ſkillful muſic of her tongue,
Reſponding, wou'd refine the ſong;

I'd ſcorn the glitt'ring pomp of courts,
The park, the ring, the ball, the play;
Nor mind the tales that fame reports,
But thus employ the ſmiling day;
While, knit with time in wanton dance,
Still laughing joys, on joys advance.

When firſt the ſun ſalutes the ſkies,
And tips the eaſtern hills with gold,

From my dear Delia's arms I'd riſe,
And looſe the flocks from out the fold.
Too bleſs'd—this taſk when Paris knew,
Had he poſſeſs'd his Helen too.

Thro' verdant plains, and waving woods,
I'd wander with my fleecy care,
And, on the banks of liſt'ning floods,
Repeat the praiſes of my fair:
Such praiſe as love and truth beſtow,
Where love and truth united glow.

Then, as I nam'd the perfect maid,
The winding ſtream ſhou'd catch the ſound,
Delia convey to ev'ry ſhade,
Through which its watry path it found.
The ſporting Niads chaunt the lay,
And deep beneath the ſounds convey.

The Zyphrs, raviſh'd with her name,
Shou'd waft it through the nodding grove,
And echo, pleas'd to do the ſame,
Still farther with the accents rove;
Till ſtreams and woods and earth and air
Shou'd learn my theme, my pleaſure ſhare.

When ſhe ſhou'd riſe from ſoft repoſe,
And come to bleſs my raviſh'd ſight,
The day thoſe ſweets that friendſhip knows,
And love's delights ſhou'd crown the night.
Thus angel joys ſhou'd bloom below,
And bliſs in endleſs circles flow.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't,
A zealous High-church man I was,
And ſo I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miſt,
Kings are by God appointed:
And theſe are damn'd that do reſiſt,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James obtain'd the throne,
And Pop'ry came in faſhion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration.
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my conſtitution,
And had become a Jeſuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our King declar'd,
To eaſe the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conſcience at a diſtance;

Paſſive-obedience was a joke,
And piſh for non-reſiſtance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne aſcends the throne,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was ſeen,
And I became a Tory:
Occaſional conformiſts baſe,
I d—n'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was,
By ſuch prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
I turned cat-in-pan once more,
And then become a Whig, Sir;
And ſo preferment I procur'd,
From our new faith's defender;
And almoſt every day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover,
And Proteſtant ſucceſſion,
To theſe I do allegiance ſwear,
While they can keep poſſeſſion:
For, by my faith and loyalty,
I never more will faulter,
And George my lawful king ſhall be,
Until the times ſhall alter.
And this is law, &c.

SONG.

TUNE,—CORN-RIGS ARE BONNY.

WHILE Jockey told his tale of love,
Enraptur'd kneeling by me,
He ſwore fra thence he'd ne'er remove,
But grow a ſtatue nigh me.
In pleaſing lees my fame he ſings,
Nay vows, on his ſalvation,
My worth aboon a' earthly things,
Was equal'd by his paſſion.

Oh! how the lad beguil'd the hours,
While gay in beauty's bloſſom,
His face ſurpaſſing fineſt flowers,
Reclin'd on Bella's boſom.
While thoughtleſs I, devoid of art,
Believ'd I weel had choſen,
And to the loon inclin'd my heart,
He left me for a dozen.

Oh! then the tear bedew'd my een,
Tumultuous paſſions ſtriving,
Within my breaſt o'erſet me clean,
My heart with anguiſh riving;
Till gentler Jamie ſaw me grieve,
Ere fleeting life was over,
He bad me ſmile, look up, and live,
To bliſs a kinder lover.

While nobleſt worth adorns the whole
Deportment o' bright Jamie,
The coward lurks in Jockey's ſaul,
How could he elſe betray me?
While lofty brags hing on his tongue,
His honour frail as glaſs is,
Wha dare with moſt unmanly wrong,
Miſuſe unthinking laſſes.

But cheer'd by Jamie's healing voice,
My veins with rapture ſwell-a,
Let ſeas, and earth, and heav'n rejoice
When Jamie calls on Bella.
Then think what pleaſure wad it be,
On high to meet my daddy;
With equal tranſport, mun I flee
To wed the lively laddy.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

At ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee
I'll viſit oft the birken buſh,
Where firſt you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didſt repair,
By green-wood, ſhaw or fountain;

Or where the ſummer's day I'd ſhare
With you upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

THE LINNET.

As bringing home the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers ſeem'd to pray
For liberty again.
Unheedful of their plaintive notes
I ſang acroſs the mead;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As paſſing through the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage ſtood,
I thought I ſaw the Queen of Love,
When Chloe's charms I view'd,
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I preſs'd her ſtay
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain, ſhe fled away,
Nor could my ſighs prevail.

Soon through the wound which love had made
Came pity to my breaſt;
And thus I, as compaſſion bade,
The feather'd pair addreſs'd:

Ye little warblers chearful be,
Remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myſelf ſo free,
Am far more caught than you.

SONG.

CHORUS.

Oh! the days when I was young,
When I laugh'd at fortune's ſpite,
Talk'd of love all the day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night,

Then it was old father, Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth cou'd bear,
And the reſt a bumper drown.
O! the days, &c.

Truth they ſay lives in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er cou'd ſee;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.
O! the days, &c.

For, when ſparkling wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſehood's maſk;
But ſtill honeſt truth I found
At the bottom of each flaſk.
O! the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
O! the days, &c.

Yet old Jerome thou may'ſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire;
Still beneath thy age's froſt,
Glows a ſpark of youthful fire.
Oh! the days, &c.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

How bleſt has my time been! what days have I known
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſy my own!
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we ſtray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleaſing their ſport is, the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſy and me,
And borrow, &c.

To try her ſweet temper oft-times am I ſeen
In the revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Tho' painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and ſmiles,
And meets, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the roſe loſes it hue,
Her eaſe and good-humour bloom all the year through.
Time ſtill, as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.
And gives, &c.

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair;
In ſearch of true pleaſure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home;
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home.

NAN OF THE VALE.

In a ſmall pleaſant village by nature compleat,
Of a few honeſt peaſants the quiet retreat;
There liv'd a young laſs of ſo lovely a mein,
As ſeldom at ball or at courts can be ſeen;
The ſweet damaſk roſe was full blown on her cheek;
The lilly diſplay'd all its white on her neck:
The lads of the village all ſtrove to prevail,
And call'd her with rapture, ſweet Nan of the Vale.

Firſt poor Hodge ſpoke his paſſion till quite out of breath,
Crying wounds, he cou'd hug her and kiſs her to death,
And Dick with her beauty was ſo much poſſeſs'd,
That he loath'd his food, and abandon'd his reſt:
But ſhe could find nothing in them to endear,
So ſent each away with a flea in his ear,

And ſaid no ſuch boobies could tell a love tale,
Or bring to compliance ſweet Nan of the Vale,

'Till young Roger the ſmarteſt of all the gay green,
Who late on a frolic to London had been;
Came back much improv'd in his air and addreſs,
And boldly attack'd her, not fearing ſucceſs:
He ſaid heav'n form'd ſuch ſweet lips to be kiſs'd,
And preſs'd her ſo cloſe that ſhe cou'd not reſiſt:
He ſhew'd the dull clowns the right way to aſſail,
And brought to his wiſhes ſweet Nan of the Vale.

LETHE.

Ye mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly miſguides, and infirmities vex;
Whoſe lives hardly know what it is to be bleſt,
Who riſe without joy, and ly down without reſt,
Obey the glad ſummons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

Old maids ſhall forget what they wiſh for in vain,
And young one's the rover they cannot regain;
The rake ſhall forget how laſt night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with paſſion enjoy'd,
Obey then the ſummons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife, at one draught ſhall forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants;
The troubled in mind ſhall go chearful away,
And yeſterday's wretch be quite happy to day.

Obey then the ſummons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

TUNE, *Cacina.*

COME, thou roſy dimpled boy,
Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy,
Leave the bliſsful bow'r a while,
Paphos, and the Cyprian iſle;
Viſit Britain's rocky ſhore;
Britons do thy pow'r adore:
Britons, hardy, bold, and free,
Own thy laws, and yield to thee,
Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy:
Come, thou roſy dimpled boy.
Source, &c.

Haſte, to Sylvia, haſte, away,
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Bid her thy ſoft rites prepare,
Bid her thy ſoft bondage wear.
Let the nymph, with many a flow'r,
Deck the ſacred nuptial bow'r;
Hither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen too be there.
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haſte to Sylvia, haſte, away.

Let us love, and let us live,
Love alone can pleaſure give:

Pomp, and pow'r and tinſel ſtate,
Thoſe falſe pageans of the great;
Crowns and ſceptres, envy'd things,
And the pride of eaſtern kings,
Are but childiſh empty toys,
When compar'd to love's true joys.
Love alone can pleaſure give,
Let us love, and let us live.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does peep;
Come, riſe up, you ſluggardly ſot;
How can you, how can you, ly ſnoring aſleep,
While we all on horſeback have got, my brave boys,
While we all on horſeback have got.

I cannot get up, for mine over night's cup
So terribly lies in my head;
Beſides my wife cries, My dear, do not riſe,
But cuddle me longer in bed, &c.

Come, draw on your boots, and ſaddle your mare,
Without any longer delay;
For the cry of the hounds, and the ſight of the hare
Will chaſe all dull vapours away,

Hark, hark! how the huntſman has ſtarted poor puſs,
He has her now full in his view:
We'll never forſake her till we overtake her,
So eagerly let us purſue.

No pleaſure like hunting to paſs the long day,
We ſcour the hills and the dale;
At night for our ſupper, we feaſt on our prey,
When over a pot of good ale.

Since thus, My dear Kate, the ſummons you hear,
Your toying I prithee give o'er,
And be of good cheer, at night I'll be here,
And cuddle you o'er and o'er, my dear girl, &c.

SONG.

CUPID, god of ſoft perſuaſion,
Take the helpleſs lover's part:
Seize, oh ſeize, ſome kind occaſion
To reward a faithful heart.

Juſtly thoſe we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthral;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Thoſe who would enſlave the mind.
Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur, foe to reſt;
Childiſh mummery at beſt,
Happy I in humble ſtate!
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Cupid, god of ſoft, &c.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
And here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the houſewife that's thrifty.
Let the toaſt paſs, drink to the laſs,
I warrant ſhe'll prove an excuſe for the glaſs.

Here's to the maiden whoſe dimples we prize,
And, likewiſe, to her that has none, Sir;
And, here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And, here's to her that's but one, Sir.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to the maid with a boſom as ſnow,
And to her that is brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that's merry.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Let her be clumſy, or let her be neat,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
But fill the pint bumper up to the brim,
And let us e'en toaſt them together.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

Deil tak' the wars that hurried Billy from me,
Who to love me juſt had ſworn;
They made him captain ſure to undo me:
Woe's me he'll ne'er return.
A thouſand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thouſands ne'er will run,

Day and night I did invite him,
To ſtay at home from ſword and gun.
I us'd aluring graces,
With meikle kind embraces,
Now ſighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
And had he my ſoft arms,
Preferr'd to wars alarms,
My love grown mad, all for my bonny lad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I waſh'd and I patch'd, to mak' me look provoking,
Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode ſat poking,
Which made me ſhew as tall again;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow'rs did ſhine;
My love well might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots laſs was e'er ſo fine,
My petticoat I ſpotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace ſhoes, and ſilk hoſe, garter full over the knee;
But oh! the fatal thought,
To Billy theſe are nought;
Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, ſilly loon, might have plunder'd me.

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

When May-day buds on fields were ſeen,
And flow'rets deck'd the ground,

When my laſt birth-day told eighteen,
And time came ſmiling round;
Young Jockey met me here and there
With kiſs and ſong and ſmile,
At mill, on meadow, wake, and fair,
And at the milking ſtile.
By chance, as 'twere, at night or noon
To find him I would try,
Yet, if he aſk'd the ſmalleſt boon,
'Twas *No indeed not I!*

Poor Jockey vex'd to be ſo teaz'd,
Reſolv'd my love to prove,
No more the ſtruggling kiſs he ſeis'd,
Nor ſought me in the grove;
He toy'd with Jenny on the green,
He gave her kiſſes three,
By Bridget of the Brook 'twas ſeen,
'Twas Bridget told it me.
They ſneer'd and call'd me fuſty maid,
Who now alone might lie,
I pettiſh flounc'd away, and ſaid,
Pſha, no indeed not I!

At length he aſk'd of me to wed,
With many a tender vow;
I ſmil'd, I ſimper'd, hung my head,
And look'd I can't tell how:
I wiſh'd and fear'd, can't tell what,
I bluſh'd, he begg'd and ſigh'd;
Then preſſing ſaid, you'll ſurely not
Refuſe to be my bride?

Lord bleſs me, how could I refrain,
'Twere ſinful, too, to lie;
So when he aſk'd me that again,
'Twas, *No indeed not I!*

SONG.

By the ſide of a ſtream, at the foot of a hill,
I met with young Phebe who lives at the mill;
My heart leap'd with joy at ſo pleaſing a ſight,
For Phebe, I vow, is my only delight,

I told her my love, and ſat down by her ſide,
And ſwore the next morning I'd make her my bride;
In anger ſhe ſaid, get out of my ſight,
And go to your Philis you met her laſt night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, pray explain what you mean,
I never, I vow, with young Philis was ſeen;
Nor can I conceive what my Phebe is at.
O! can't you? ſhe cry'd: well, I love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her laſt night on this ſpot?
O Colin! O Colin! you can't have forgot;
I heard the whole ſtory this morning from Mat;
You ſtill may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis falſe I reply'd, dear Phebe believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive:
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And ſure my dear charmer muſt hate him for that.

Come, come then, ſhe cry'd, if you mean to be kind,
I'll own 'twas to know the true ſtate of your mind.
Tranſported, I kiſs'd her, ſhe gave me a pat;
I made her my wife, and ſhe loves me for that.

THE PARSON.

PUSH about the briſk glaſs, I proclaim him an aſs,
Who at cares of this world wou'd repine; [frown,
'Twas our ſorrows to drown, and diſpel Fortune's
That Jove ſet us, Jove ſent us, the juce of the vine.
'Tis this in all ſects the true int'reſt protects,
And enlivens the lump of our clay;
The parſons looks teach, tho' againſt it they preach,
Then believe them, believe them, who pleaſes I ſay,

'Tis not long ago, that a vicar I know,
Whoſe name 'twere ungodly to tell,
Who o'er bottle and bowl, ſat with many good ſoul,
Full of glee, till ding dong, ding dong went the bell:
Then having a hic-cup, took the hair with a kick-up,
I muſt go, elſe the church will complain;
But friends, don't think me rude, I ſwear by my prieſt-hood,
I'll but preach, I'll but preach and be with you again.

The parſon went ſtraight, tho' he ſtagger'd in gate,
With his ſermon in mem'ry's large cheſt;
To the pulpit he goes, but ſoon fell in a doze,
And cries excellent, excellent wine, I proteſt,

The whole congregation, in ſtrange conſternation,
Left the church, with a ſigh, at the cauſe;
But the clerk, more devout, cries, Sir, they're all out;
Then fill 'em, then fill 'em again my brave boys.

In law, 'twas deſign'd, juſtice ſtill ſhould be blind,
Yet ſhe'll ſquint if ſelf-int'reſt do call!
And I'm certain I cou'd, o'er a hogſhead that's good,
Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury, and all.
If to drink be a fault, for ſo we're all taught,
Old Noah could tipple, they ſay;
And we gather from hence, that all mortals of ſenſe,
Should be ſons of old Noah, old Noah: Huzza!

PLATO'S ADVICE.

Says Plato, Why ſhould man be vain?
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why look with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?
Can coſtly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burden'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction lye.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles wore,

Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the ſkies,
And ſpreads along a gilded train;
When ſhot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls,—
Let friendſhip reign, while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
When Jove commands we muſt obey.

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we ſteer,
To add ſomething new to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, don't preſs you like ſlaves,
For who are ſo free as the ſons of the waves? [men.
Hearts of oak are our ſhips, hearts of oak are our
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, ſteady:
We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er meet our foes but we wiſh them to ſtay;
They never meet us, but they wiſh us away:
If they run, then we follow, and run them a-ſhore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak, &c.

They ſwear they'll invade us, theſe terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaus:

But ſhould their flat-bottoms in darkneſs get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on ſhore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll ſtill make them run, and we'll ſtill make them ſweat
In ſpite of the devil, and Bruſſel's gazette:
Then chear up, my lads, with one voice let us ſing
Our ſoldiers, our ſailors, our ſtateſmen, and king.
Hearts of oak, &c.

THE APOLOGY.

I'M ſorry, dear brethren, I'm forc'd to comply,
To ſing, to ſing, you might as well bid me to fly;
'Tis true I've a voice, ſo has the town-cryer,
If I ſay, mine's a better, I'm ſure I'm a liar.

However, to pleaſe you, altho' I be hoarſe,
If you'll take it, like marriage, for better, for worſe.
Now you've heard—nay you've heard the beſt I can do,
And I'm ſure you're convinc'd what I told you was true.

SONG.

YE Warwickſhire lads, and ye laſſes,
See what at our Jubilee paſſes;
Come revel away, rejoice, and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickſhire lad,
Warwickſhire lad, all be glad,
For the lad of all lads, &c.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has laviſh'd her bounty,
Where much ſhe has given, and ſome to be ſpar'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickſhire bard,
Warwickſhire bard, never pair'd, &c.

Each ſhire has its different pleaſures,
Each ſhire has its different treaſures;
But to rare Warwickſhire all muſt ſubmit,
For the wit of all wits was a Warwickſhire wit,
Warwickſhire wit, how he writ! &c.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a ſcore more we take pride in:
Of famous Will Congreve we boaſt too the ſkill,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickſhire Will,
Warwickſhire Will, matchleſs ſtill! &c.

Our Shakeſpear compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman,
Their ſwan are all geeſe to the Avon's ſweet ſwan,
And the man of all men was a Warwickſhire man,
Warwickſhire man, Avon's ſwan, &c,

As ven'ſon is very inviting,
To ſteal it our bard took delight in:
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
And the wag of all wags was a Warwickſhire wag,
Warwickſhire wag, ever brag, &c.

There never was ſeen ſuch a creature,
Of all ſhe was worth he rob'd nature:

He took all her ſmiles, and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickſhire thief,
Warwickſhire thief, he's the chief,
For the thief, &c.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

JOVE in his chair, of the ſky Lord May'r,
With his nods man and gods keep in awe,
When he winks heaven ſhrinks,
When he ſpeaks hell ſqueaks;
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the ſchool, he bears deſpotic rule,
His word, tho' abſurd, muſt be law,
Even fate, tho' ſo great,
Muſt not prate, his bald pate
Jove would cuff he's ſo bluff for a ſtraw,
Cow'd deities, like mice in cheeſe,
To ſtir muſt ceaſe, or gnaw.

SONG.

THE laſt time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me;
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtely ſporting;
We kiſt and promis'd time away,
'Till night ſpread her dark curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my care at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:

Then Hymen's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

SONG.

THAT May-day of life is for pleaſure,
For ſinging, for dancing, and ſhow;
Then why will you waſte ſuch a treaſure
In ſighing, and crying—Heigho?

Let's copy the birds in the meadows;
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low:
Fly round, and coquette as ſhe does,
And never ſit crying—Heigho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover,
It ſometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying—Heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes;
I find to my ſorrow 'tis ſo;
When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
And no one will mind you—Heigho!

SONG.

THE bird that hears her neſtlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,

Returns impatient thro' the ſky,
To nurſe the callow brood:
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thouſand harms;
And ſickens for the darling boy,
When abſent from her arms.

Such fondneſs with impatience join'd
My faithful boſom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my deſires:
The pow'rs of verſe too languid prove,
All ſimilies are vain,
To ſhew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The ſaint with fervent zeal inſpir'd,
For heav'n and joy divine;
The ſaint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine:
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to ſay more;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddeſs I adore.

THE PILGRIM.

In penance for paſt folly,
A pilgrim blithe and jolly,
Sworn foe to melancholy,
Set out ſtrange lands to ſee;

With cockle-ſhells on hat brim,
With ſtaff, ſcrip, beads, and that trim,
As might become a pilgrim,
Begging for charity.

With feet unſhod he traces,
O'er hills, o'er wilds, and chaces,
And ſundry diſmal places,
In hopes ſome roof to ſee;
But, when he look'd, and ſaw no
Kind of hut or houſe to go to,
Was e'er poor pilgrim plagu'd ſo,
Begging for charity.

At length, almoſt dejected,
Kind heav'n, when leaſt expected,
A damſel's ſteps directed;
Whence come you, Sir? ſays ſhe.
Full many a weary ſtep, Sweet,
And all on thoſe two bare feet;
O! could I, by your help, meet
Lodging for charity.

With courtious voice and accent,
Says ſhe, I fear you're quite ſpent;
But what I ſay is well meant,
Come lodge this night with me.
That favour Ma'am's, exceſſive.
No ſpeeches, Sir; while I live,
If ought I have, or can give,
I give for charity.

He ey'd her charms while eating,
And call'd her love and ſweeting,
With many a tender greeting,
So kind a heart had he:
Kind Sir, ſays ſhe, you're tired,
'Tis time you were retired,
No beds nor rooms are hired,
But lent in charity.

My tenement is brittle,
My room, I fear too little.
It ſuits me to a tittle;
And in at once went he.
Thro' many a town and city
I've been to beg for pity,
But ne'er found room ſo pretty,
Or ſo much charity.

Nine days he liv'd in clover,
And well he play'd the lover;
She thought the time ſoon over;
And will you go? ſays ſhe:
But, gentle pilgrim, ſhould you
Return this way, I would do
As much as woman could do,
And all for charity.

SONS OF CARE.

By the gayly circling glaſs,
We can ſee how minutes paſs;

By the hollow caſk are told,
How the waining night grows old.

Soon, too ſoon, the buſy day
Drives us from our ſports away;
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you

Come, then, fill the cheerful glaſs,
Truth is only found in wine;
Tales of love are all a farce,
But true friendſhip is divine.

SONG.

My father has forty good ſhillings,
Ha! ha! good ſhillings,
And never had daughter but I;
My mother ſhe is right willing,
Ha! ha! right willing,
That I ſhall have all when they die,
And I wonder when I'll be marry'd,
Ha! ha! be marry'd,
My beauty begins to decay;
It's time to catch hold of ſomebody,
Ah! ſomebody!
Before they be all run away.
And I wonder when I'll be marry'd.

My ſhoes they are at the mending,
My buckles they are the cheſt;

My ſtockings are ready for ſending,
Then I'll be as braw as the reſt.
And I wonder, &c.

My father will buy me a laddle,
At my wedding we'll have a good ſong;
For my uncle will buy me a craddle,
To rock my child in when it's young.
And I wonder, &c.

LITTLE BINGO.

THE farmer's dog leap't over the ſtyle,
His name was little Bingo.
The farmer's dog leapt over the ſtyle,
His name was little Bingo.
B with an I—I with an N,
N with a G—G with an O;
His name was little Bingo:
B—I—N—G—O!
His name was little Bingo.

The farmer lov'd a cup of good ale,
He call'd it rare good ſtingo.
The farmer lov'd, &c.
ST with an I, &c.

And is not this a ſweet little ſong?
I think it is—by Jingo.
And is not this, &c.
J with an I, &c.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE FOX CHACE.

RECITATIVE.

PHOEBUS from his briny bed,
Streaks the eaſt with roſy red;
Roſy ſportſmen ſoon appear,
Jolly, giving each a chear;
Nimble hunters, eager bound,
Neigh, and beat with hoof the ground;
Round the copſe now draw with glee,
Where the fox might kennel'd be;
Reynard gone, out-ſtrips the wind,
Leaving ſcented track behind.

AIR.

Now jovial the chace meets my ear,
Thro' Neetwood the horn chearly ſounds,
While each, under each, deep and clear,
All open the mellow-mouth'd hounds:
Hark! Finder, with treble ſo high,
Shrill ſounding thro' mix'd tenor notes,
And roaring a baſs fills the cry,
From Bumper and Jowler's loud throats.

RECITATIVE.

More ſlow in his pace, now the fox runs along,
Quite drop'd is his bruſh, and hung out his tongue,
Depending on fraud, has recourſe to each wile,
Climbs walls, and makes doubles, the pack to beguile:

With ardour redoubled the ſportſmen purſue,
More ſtrong is the ſcent; and now run him in view.

AIR.

Hark, tally-oh! rings thro' the throng,
Swift flying o'er hill, dale, and flood,
And echo the loud cracking throng
Retwangs, and prolongs, thro' the wood,
The ſportſmen all in at the death,
Quick Reynard to pieces now torn,
Yields 'mid a full chorus his breath,
Of huntſmen, hounds, echo, and horn.

THE VIRGIN's MONITOR.

Ye Virgins of Britain who wiſely attend,
The dictates of reaſon, who value a friend;
Come liſt to my council and mark what I ſay,
Ye damſels beware of the dangers of May.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all foſt'ring hand,
Tho' modeſty lend you her magical wand,
Tho' innocence deck you with ſpotleſs array,
Ye damſels beware of the dangers of May.

When firſt the gay beauties of nature appear,
And Phœbus bright ſmile cheers the juvenile year;
When the birds chaunt their am'rous notes from each ſpray,
Ye damſels beware of the dangers of May.

Should Flora propoſe you the vernal delight,
Her dilicate paintings exhibit to ſight,
In her meadows and fields ſhould you frolic and play,
Beware, oh! beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood briſkly flows, the all eloquent eyes,
Reveal every ſecret the heart would diſguiſe;
The boſom quick panting with force ſeems to ſay,
'Tis hard to reſiſt all the dangers of May.

Should an am'rous youth this ſoft ſcene to improve,
With ardor implore the reward of his love;
If Hymen attend you his dictates obey,
For Wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

SHE WAS NOT WILLING.

Let miſers hug their darling ſtore,
And kiſs each guinea o'er and o'er,
I'm richer with a ſhilling, a ſhilling;
I'm richer with a ſhilling;
It brings me out to chearful air,
To meet my lovely cruel fair,
O that ſhe was but willing,
Willing, willing, willing, willing,
O that ſhe was but willing.

To make her ſuch, I point to groves,
And bid her mark the heart-ſick doves,
How ſweetly they are billing;

But all in vain (as yet) my art,
For oh! I feel acroſs my heart,
Love's god his poiſon ſpilling.

The ſtreams that flow like my ſad eyes,
Will leave at laſt their channels dry,
Unleſs the ſprings are filling;
And ſofteſt rain, on hardeſt ſtone,
Will ware (tho' drops) fall one by one
A hole by conſtant drilling.

But oh! my ſpring will ne'er again,
Repleniſh but with freſher pain,
Her frowns are ſtill ſo killing;
Nor will my tears her marble pierce,
Tho' conſtant drops bedew my verſe,
From eyes like limbecks ſtilling.

I ſung the ſong (it pleas'd her too)
"How Sue loves I, and I love Sue,"
Whilſt neighbours grift were milling;
But all was vain if you muſt know,
So I reſolv'd to let her go,
Becauſe ſhe was not willing.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

PHOEBUS meaner themes diſdaining,
To the lyriſt's call repair;
And the ſtrings to raptures ſtraining,
Come and praiſe the Britiſh fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer and to ſpare,
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth and merit,
Which the ſons of art prepare,
Have no pleaſure, life, or ſpirit,
But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reaſon is as weak as paſſion,
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the faſhion,
Favour'd by the Britiſh fair.

THE SHEPHERD'S EVENING.

Now to pant on Thetis breaſt,
Phœbus bluſhes down the weſt,
And in laughter ſeems to ſay,
Mortals end like me the day,
Join ye merry rural throng,
Mirth and muſic, dance and ſong,
Ever happy, ever gay,
Life is here one holiday.

Nature's free-born ſubject train,
Blooming tenants of the plain,
'Tis for us the goddeſs ſpreads,
Verdant meads and flow'ry beds,

While the varying ſeaſons flow,
Beauty bids our boſom glow.
Ever happy, ever gay, &c.

Ev'ry nymph and ev'ry youth,
Melt with fondneſs warm and truth,
Sunny vale and ſhady grove,
Echo to the voice of love,
And the changeful year ſupplies,
Pleaſure to the heart and eyes.
Ever happy, ever gay, &c.

Far from noiſe and pomp and ſtate,
Joys and troubles of the great,
Shelter'd by contentment's wings,
Here the bird of rapture ſings,
While the god of ſoft delight,
Glads the noon and chears the night,
Ever happy, ever gay,
Life is here one holiday.

SONG.

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I ſtrove in vain
My wild deſires to rally:
But now they're of themſelves come home,
And, ſtrange! no longer ſeek to roam;
They center all in Sally.

Yet ſhe, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to deſtroy:

Can love with ruin tally?
By thoſe dear lips, thoſe eyes, I ſwear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come! thou ſweeter far
Than jeſſamine and roſes are,
Or lillies of the vally:
O! follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to theſe arms, my dear,
And make you bleſt in Sally.

SONG.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
To reſiſt the tender dart;
For examples move us never;
We muſt feel, to know the ſmart.
When the ſhepherd ſwears he's dying,
And our beauties ſet to view;
Vanity, her aid ſupplying;
Bids us think 'tis all our due,
Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
Is the mild, deceitful ſtrain;
Frowning truth our ſex diſpleaſes;
Flatt'ry never ſues in vain:
But, too ſoon, the happy lover

Does our tend'reſt hopes deceive:
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Fooliſh woman to believe,
Fooliſh woman to believe.

THE MYRTLE AND ROSE.

AT once I'm in love with two nymphs that are fair,
And to ſweets in my garden theſe nymphs I compair;
Nor can ſhrub, nor can bloſſom be better than thoſe;
And Jenny's my myrtle and Chloe's my roſe.

My Chloe is fond all her charms to diſplay,
With the roſe in her cheek, ſhe to all would be gay;
On all paler beauties ſhe looks down with pride,
And can bear not a flow'ret to grow by her ſide.

She thinks not how quickly theſe charms will expire,
That with May they firſt came and with ſummer retire;
That pride, ſo ſoon over, is fooliſh and vain,
And love built with beauty, can't hold with a ſwain.

But Jenny, my myrtle, ne'er changes her face,
No ſeaſon nor age can her features diſpleaſe;
She covets no praiſe, nor with envy is ſtung;
She always is pleas'd, and is pleaſing and young.

Then Chloe, I ſudden muſt make my retreat,
Thy Roſe is too blooming, too ſhort liv'd and ſweet:

But Jenny thy myrtle is laſting and green,
And all the year thro', thou the ſame ſtill art ſeen.

SONG.

RECITATIVE.

HARK the horn calls—away!
Come the grave, come the gay,
'Wake to muſic that wakens the ſkies,
Quit the bondage of ſloth and ariſe.

SONG.

From the eaſt breaks the morn,
See the ſun-beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountain ſo high:
Shrilly ope's the ſtanch hound;
The ſteed neighs to the ſound,
And the woods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers ſo good,
Prov'd their greatneſs of blood,
By encount'ring the pard and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and foreſts to roar.

Hence of noble deſcent,
Hills and dales we frequent,
When the boſom of nature's reveal'd;
Tho' in life's buſy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

SONG.

My days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly,
With careleſs eaſe, from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſt as I.
Aſk gilding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream;
Or aſk the gentle gales if e'er
I lent a ſigh for them.

And now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of ſoft deſire
Are fix't upon my thought:
An eager hope, within my breaſt,
Does ev'ry doubt controul,
And lovely Nancy ſtands confeſt
The fav'rite of my ſoul.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines,
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye cloſe retreats of love;
With all our nature, all our art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign!
O! teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I have,
As much as of deſpair,

And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her:
'Tis true, the paſſion of my mind
Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

But if ſhe treats me with diſdain,
And ſlights my well-meant love;
Or looks with pleaſure on my pain,
A pain ſhe won't remove;
Farewel, ye birds, ye lovely pines,
Adieu to groans and ſighs;
I'll leave my paſſion to the winds;
Love unreturn'd, ſoon dies,

THE NORTH COUNTRY LASS.

TUNE, *Langolee.*

THERE was a fair maiden, her name it was Gillian,
Her manners were ſage, tho' her carriage was free;
You ſcarcely would meet ſuch a girl in a million,
Her charms were the pride of the North Country.
All ſhe ſaid came ſo wittily,
She danc'd with ſuch grace, and ſhe chanted ſo pret-tily,
Nor madames of France, nor Signioras of Italy,
Could cope with this laſs of the North Country.

Rich lords and fine gentlemen crouded to woo her,
Each begging her moſt humble ſervant to be;

Some ſhew'd coach and horſes, ſome profer'd gold to her,
Some cloaths and fine jewels, moſt gorgeous to ſee:
But in vain all their brav'ry,
She ſaid flat and plain, ſhe ſaw thro' their knav'ry,
And rather would paſs her whole life-time in ſlav'ry,
Than bring ſuch diſgrace on the North Country.

But going one day to the wood with young Roger,
To gather ſweet poſies for he and for ſhe,
Sly Cupid obſerv'd them, (a comical codger,)
And hid himſelf ſnug in a ſycamore-tree:
Out he drew from his quiver
A ſhaft, that a heart made of marble would ſhiver;
He ſhot—there was none a poor maid to deliver;
And down fell the laſs of the North Country.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

Come haſte to the wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,
The lovers their bleſs can no longer delay:
Forget all your ſorrows, your cares, and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day.
Come, come, one and all,
Attend to my call,
And revel in pleaſures that never can cloy;
Come ſee
Rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.
Come ſee, &c.

Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crowd to, and bias the breaſts of the great,
To ſuch wretched paſſions we give no admiſſion,
But leave them alone to the wiſe ones of ſtate.
We boaſt of no wealth,
But contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendſhip our moments employ:
Come ſee, &c.

With reaſon we taſte of each heart-ſtirring pleaſure
With reaſon we drink of the full flowing bowl;
Are jocund and gay, but all within meaſure,
For fatal exceſs but enſlaves the free ſoul.
Come, come, at our bidding,
To this happy wedding,
No care ſhall obtrude here our bliſs to annoy;
Come ſee, &c.

LOVE IN DISGUISE.

At Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair
And it may be they dwell their ſtill;
Much riches indeed didn't fall to their ſhare,
They kept a ſmall farm and a mill;
But, fully content with what they did get,
They knew not of guile or of arts;
One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
And ſhe was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were he locks, her ſhape it was ſtraight,
Her eyes were as black as a ſloe;

Her teeth were milk-white, full ſmart was her gait,
And ſleek was her ſkin as a doe;
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
No bit of true blue could be ſpy'd;
A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door,
Its mam it had loſt, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
The babe ſhe hugg'd cloſe to her breaſt;
She chaff'd him all o'er, and he ſmil'd as he lay,
She kiſs'd him, and lull'd him to reſt;
But who did thou think ſhe had got for her prize,
But Love! that ſly maſter of arts;
No ſooner he wak'd but he dropt his diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love, but be not afraid,
Tho' all I make ſhake at my will;
So good and ſo kind have you been, my fair maid,
No harm ſhall you feel from my ſkill:
My mother ne'er dealt with ſuch fondneſs by me;
A friend you ſhall find in me ſtill:
Take my quiver and ſhoot, and be greater than ſhe,
The Venus of Totterdown hill.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches.*

COME, the mates of my fortune, be cheery,
No diſtreſs ſhould the ſailor alarm;

As the needle be true, and ne'er fear ye,
I'll warrant we'll weather the ſtorm.
Then why ſhould we dream any dangers
From France, and her whole Gallic train;
Britiſh ſeamen to fear ever ſtrangers,
Since George rides the lord of the main.

We'll ſhew that our true Britiſh ſpirit
The ſame in each climate can be;
This ſtill be our comfort and merit,
That yet in our hearts we are free.
Then why, &c.

At the helm may they ever prove ſteady,
To ſteer us a courſe that is right;
Proud France then ſhall down with the ready,
They ſhall either refund, or ſhall fight.
Then why, &c.

No daſtardly thoughts then admitting,
With true loyal hearts we ſhall ſing;
"Heaven proſper the arms of great Britain,
"And the honour protect of our King."
Then why, &c.

LIBERTY-HALL.

Old Homer! but what have we with him to do?
What are Grecians and Trojans to me or to you?
Such heatheniſh heroes no more I'll invoke,
Choice ſpirits aſſiſt me, attend hearts of oak.
Fall a da, la! a da.

Sweet peace, belov'd handmaid of ſcience and art,
Unanimity take your petitioner's part,
Accept of my ſong, 'tis the beſt I can do,
But firſt, may it pleaſe you, my ſervice to you.

Perhaps my addreſs you may premature think,
Becauſe I have mentioned no toaſt as I drink;
There are many fine toaſts, but the beſt of them all
Is the toaſt of the times, that is, Liberty-Hall.

That fine Britiſh building by Alfred was fram'd,
It's grand corner ſtone Magna Charta is nam'd;
Independency came at Integrity's call,
And form'd the front pillars of Liberty-Hall.

That manor our forefathers bought with their blood,
And their ſons, and their ſon's ſons have prov'd
their deeds good;
By that title we live, by that title we'll fall,
For life is not life out of Liberty-Hall.

In her mantle of honour each ſtar ſpangled fold,
Playing bright in the ſunſhine the burniſt of gold,
Truth beams on her breaſt ſee, at loyalty's call,
The genius of England in Liberty-Hall.

Ye ſweet ſmelling courtlings of riband and lace,
The ſpanials of power, and bounty's diſgrace,
So pliant, ſo ſervile, ſo paſſive ye fall,
But paſſive obedience loſt Liberty-Hall.

But when reſolution had ſettled the crown,
And natural reaſon knock'd tyranny down,

No frowns cloath'd terror appear'd to appall,
The doors were thrown open of Liberty-Hall.

See England triumphant, her ſhips ſweep the ſea,
Her ſtandard is juſtice; her watch-word be free,
Our King is our countryman, Engliſhmen all,
God bleſs him, and bleſs us in Liberty-Hall.

On vere is des Hall, Monſieur vants to know,
'Tis neither at Marli, Verſailes, Fontableu;
'Tis a place of no mortal architect's art,
For Liberty-Hall is an Engliſhman's heart.

WOMEN, LOVE, AND WINE.

The murm'ring brooks, the fanning breeze,
Gay myrtles, flow'ry banks and trees,
To doat on ſome incline;
But nobler bleſſings I adviſe,
The greateſt joys above the ſkies,
Are woman, love, and wine,
But nobler, &c.

From ſcene to ſcene while thouſands rove,
Unleſs by woman, wine, and love,
In ſecret let them pine;
While I the world with pleaſure tell,
We all may ev'ry care diſpell,
With woman, love, and wine,
While I the, &c.

The wreſtleſs wretch who doats on gold,
And wou'd in flames the world behold,
To ſee his treaſure ſhine;
Shall gen'rous grow, his pelf deſpiſe,
Be happy, joyous, honeſt, wiſe,
By women, love, and wine,
Shall gen'rous, &c.

May youth and age of all degrees,
On ſuch inſpiring comforts ſeize.
'Twill ev'ry ſenſe refine;
To ſee mankind ſo nobly bleſt,
Superior pow'rs ſhall wiſh to taſte,
Of women, love, and wine,
To ſee mankind, &c.

Ye ſons of joy, for true delight,
Dear woman, love, and wine unite,
This great reſolve is mine;
Forgetting ev'ry care that's paſt,
My joy ſhall flow while life doth laſt,
From women, love, and wine,
Forgetting ev'ry, &c.

JEMMY AND NANNY.

When innocent paſtime our pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving and bonny was ſhe:

Rouſe up in the morning my beautiful Nanny,
Let no new whim take thy fancy from me,
Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,
Favour thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the ſpleen,
Can loſeing of trifles a heart-aching be,
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from thoſe e'en,
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me:
Rouze up thy reaſon my beautiful Nanny,
Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me;
Oh! thou art as bonny, be faithful as any,
Think on thy Jemmy, think on thy Jemmy,
Think on thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

O think my dear charmer on ev'ry ſweet hour,
That ſlide away ſoftly between thee and me,
E'er ſquirrels and baux and their fop'ry had pow'r,
To rival my love and impoſe upon thee:
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautiful Nanny,
Let thy deſires be all center'd in me,
Oh! thou art as bonny, be prudent as any,
Love thy own Jemmy, Love thy own Jemmy,
Love thy own Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

THE PLAIN TRUTH.

We may boldly aſſert what no mortal denies,
We are not all rich, we're not all of a ſize,
In power not equal, nor equally wiſe.
Which nobody can deny.

We can't expect ſenſe from all thoſe who can
ſpeak,
Thoſe are not all wiſe who know Latin and Greek,
Nor they're not all pious who preach once a week.
This nobody can deny.

'Tis not ev'ry poſitive coxcomb that's right,
'Tis not ev'ry Captain Cockade that will fight,
'Tis not ev'ry wife we dare truſt out of ſight.
This nobody can deny.

Gay cloathing oft' covers a belly unfed,
A tye wig oft' covers a weak empty head,
A cloak often covers—ay all that is bad.
This nobody can deny.

He muſt be a ſoul who loves whet after whet,
He muſt be a cuckold that loves a coquet,
And he vies with the nation that's always in debt.
This nobody can deny.

An officer's honour is fix'd in the mind,
To his coat on the left, my Lord's honour's confin'd;
And many brave Lords wear their honour behind.
This nobody can deny.

Both fidler and bawd live on dupe's recreation,
Both ſtateſmen and centinel live on the nation,
Tom t—dman and doctor live both by purgation.
This nobody can deny.

BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful' birds to ſing;
And, while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day
Amang the birks of Invermay.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters pleaſe no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites ſing,
The rocks around wi' echoes ring:
The mavis and the blackbird vye,
In tunefu' ſtrains to glad the day:
The woods now wear their ſummer ſuits,
To mirth a' nature now invites;
Let us be blythſome then, and gay,
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behind, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;

The wanton kids, and friſking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams:
The buſy bees, with humming noiſe,
And a' the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then, ſing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters, as they fa',
Loudly my love to gladneſs ca';
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams:
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they
Amang the birks of Invermay.

ALLY AND DAVIE.

Dear Ally, I love thee, I hope there's no harm in that;
You are ſo witty, ſo pretty, ſo charming, that
When e'er I ſee thee my heart it goes pitty pat;
And I grown lean and dry who once was ſleek and fat:
Save me, ſave me, dear Ally, ſave me, for I will hang myſelf if you won't have me.

I'm grown a mere ſloven who once was a flirting ſop,
And my coal black hair, O! you'd take it for a dirty mop,
My face it is parched like an over done mutton chop,

Which won't of gravy afford you one ſingle drop:
Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy: ſo thin and dry O!
looks your poor Davie.

When firſt I was aſk'd to take tea with my Ally dear,
I put on my Kerry-ſtone buckles and ſolitaire,
I ſent for the barber, and cry'd ſhave me, Sir, dye
hear,
I'll give you ſix-pence to drink it in ale or beer,
Shave me, ſhave me, powder and ſhave me; and
make me ſpruce and fine before you leave me.

Oh! then to the place of appointment I hurried me,
Where your bright eyes ſo ſurpriſingly worried me,
From that very hour I thought of no other than ſhe,
And I moſt humbly do crave you my bride to be,
Crave you, crave you, oh! how I crave you; I moſt
humbly crave you my bride to be.

Oh! then will you have me, you dear little knave
you,
I will your huſband be and never leave you,
My firname is Drupe and my chriſtian name Davie,
And when we're married we'll go to Glannavy,
Navy, Navy, go to Glannavy, who'll be ſo happy
as Ally and Davie.

THE GENERAL HUNT.

To horſe, ye jolly ſportſman,
And greet the new born day:

Inceſſant, lo, thro' nature's field,
Each creature hunts his pray.
And a hunting, &c.

Dame nature teaches Reynard craft
T' o'er-reach the feather'd flocks;
And we perſue the chiding dogs,
While they run down the fox.
And a hunting &c.

Mankind hunt one another;
Your great men hunt the ſmall;
Some hunt for heaven, and ſome for hell;
Old Satan hunts us all.
And a hunting, &c.

Some fain wou'd hunt for honour,
A game that's hard to find;
The needy hunt for charity,
And may go hunt the wind.
And a hunting, &c.

Our patriots loudly bellow
The nation's deſp'rate caſe,
While all their ſtir and and buſtle's made
In hunting out a place.
And a hunting, &c.

Full cry the tories hunt the whigs,
Who in their turn purſue;
And running one another down,
Run down their country too.
And a hunting, &c.

The lawyer hunts out quibbles,
Your title to maintain;
He'll hunt the right till it be wrong,
Then hunt it back again.
And a hunting, &c.

The toper daily hunts his pot,
Both care and ſenſe to drown:
Whilſt gamſters hunt another's purſe
And loſe ſight of their own.
And a hunting, &c.

The laſſes hunt their lovers,
Each lover hunts his laſs;
The fop in chace of his dear face,
Hunts out his looking glaſs.
And a hunting, &c.

O'er hill and dale with hound and horn,
Let's hunt boys while 'tis light;
Then joyous we'll o'er flowing bowls
Revive the chace at night.
And a hunting, &c.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Come rouſe Brother Sportſmen.*

COME rouſe brother tars! hark the ſeamen all cry;
We're order'd to fight, let us conquer or die:
The trumpet's bold notes, and the cannon's loud roar,
Will chide the dull landſmen, for ling'ring on ſhore.

Revenge has juſt ſent us a proſperous gale,
Directs all our thunders, and fills every ſail
She ſoon will aſſure us we arm not in vain,
And make us all rich, with the ſpoils of the main.

Leave, leave, my brave meſſmates, the ſmiles of the fair,
'Tis George that demands all the heart you can ſpare,
Then tell 'em that love muſt to glory give place;
Soon beauty ſhall welcome the conq'ror's embrace.

To fame, jovial hunters, your ſports you muſt yield;
Here glory awaits you, on ocean's wide field;
We've excellent chace; nobler game we've in view,
'Tis Frenchmen that fly, while we Britons purſue.

Look yonder! look yonder! Monſieur is in ſight,
Let's haſte to bear down, and prepare for the fight;
But coward-like Frenchman ne'er wait for the blow;
They failing of ſpeed, humbly ſtrike to their foe.

Like ſons of old England, once more we reſume
The humbling their flags, to our high riding broom.
Thy fleets, haughty Louis! have gi'en us our cue,
And pleas'd, thus we make the repriſals, long due.

THE TAR'S CONQUEST.

A Jolly Jack tar, but a little while ſince,
As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince,
Fell foul of an alehouſe, and thought it a ſin,
To paſs without calling, ſo went roaring in.
Derry down, &c.

He ſcarce had ſat down, when the landlord came by,
With pudding and beef which attracted his eye;
From the maſt head a ſailor, Jack leap't from his
place,
And graſping his cudgel gave orders for chace.
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were met,
Reſolving ſoup maigre and frogs to forget;
Convinc'd of their error, they'd order'd a feaſt,
To be dreſt and ſerv'd up in a true Engliſh taſte.
Derry down, &c.

At the heals of the landlord Jack quickly appears,
And made the room echo with three Britiſh cheers;
Then ſat himſelf down, without any debate,
And whip't his old chew on his next neighbour's
plate.
Derry down, &c.

No ſooner was Jack thus poſſeſt of a place,
Than thinking it needleſs to wait for the grace,
In ſpite of their whiſpers, the ſtout Engliſh thief,
Firſt grappled the pudding then boarded the beef.
Derry down, &c.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchman's ſurpriſe,
They ſhrunk up their ſhoulders, and ſtar'd with their
eyes,
From one went a ah! from another a hem!
They look'd at their landlord, their landlord at them.
Derry down, &c.

One more bold than the reſt, by his brethren's advice,
Made a ſneaking attempt to come in for a ſlice,
But Jack cut his fingures, and gave him a check;
Crying down with your arms, or I'll ſoon clear the deck.

Derry down, &c.

At length to revenge, all the Frenchmen unite,
Each ſeiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight;
Of quarters, ſays Jack, I would not have you think;
So ſtrike you ſoup bibbers, ſtrike, ſtrike, or you ſink.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,
And ſneaking behind, ſeiz'd the hands of the Tar;
I've got him, ſays he, but he ſcarce could ſay more,
Ere he found his dull pate, where his heels were before.

Derry down, &c.

Then frowning, Jack flouriſh'd his truſty old ſtick,
And lay on his broadſides, ſo faſt and ſo thick;——
He ſo well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Lay ſprawling along with their hoſt on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The reſt being diſmay'd at their countrymen's fate,
Each fearing Jack's ſtick would alight on his pate,
Soon yielded him victor, and lord of the main,
With humble entreaty to bury their ſlain.

Derry down, &c.

To which he conſented, but order'd that they
For the beef, and the pudding, and porter ſhould pay;
So ſaying, he ſtagger'd away to his wench,
Still whooping and crying, down, down with the
French.

Derry down, &c.

TOM AND SALL.

As Tom and Sall, in am'rous chat,
Within a ſhady arbour ſat,
Where jeſſamine was wove in,
Where jeſſamine was wove in.
They kiſs'd and toy'd, and this and that:
'Twas vaſtly loving,
'Twas vaſtly loving.

Says he, thou ſweatner of my life,
To lay aſide all further ſtrife,
I like thee more than Betty:
And then he begg'd ſhe'd be his wife:
'Twas vaſtly pretty.

But Sarah, fir'd at Betty's name,
Told Thomas how it was a ſhame
To quit his former jewel:
She quite abaſh'd his tim'rous flame:
'Twas vaſtly cruel.

Ungrateful Sally, Thomas cry'd,
And will you never be my bride,

For all my faithful loving?
And then he wiſh'd e'er born he'd dy'd:
'Twas vaſtly moving.

But ſhe regardleſs of his ſmart,
Exclaim'd with true coquetiſh art,
I'm not for you, at all, fool!
Theſe words had well nigh broke his heart:
'Twas vaſtly doleful.

With that a ſharp edg'd knife he drew,
His burſting heart to ſever thro',
And ſwore he was not joking;
Then bid the cruel fair adieu:
'Twas vaſtly ſhocking.

Deep fear now ſhone in Sally's eye;
Says ſhe, as you're reſolv'd to die,
One kiſs—and then—dear honey:
Then ſtole the knife ſo very ſly:
'Twas vaſtly funny.

Why wilt thou, Thomas, die for me?
Thou know'ſt I would not die for thee;
Murder beſides is ſinning:
This ſaid, ſhe claſp'd him eagerly:
'Twas vaſtly winning.

What do I ſee? exclaim'd the ſwain,
Am I then quit of all my pain,
For love, the moſt endearing?
'Tis ſo! he then leap'd up amain:
'Twas vaſtly chearing.

To marry me wilt thou conſent?
Why a—y ſhe cry'd, I am content;
'Time flies, then let us ſeize on't:
Tom for a pair of licence went:
'Twas vaſtly pleaſant.

A TECHNICAL BIBBICAL SONG.

Now we're free from college rules, and ſyſtems out of ſeaſon;
From lumber of the lying ſchools, and ſyllogiſtic reaſon;
Never more we'll have-defin'd, if matter thinks, or thinks not;
All the matter we ſhall mind, is he who drinks or drinks not.

'Tis metaphyſical, to trace the mind or ſoul abſtracted,
Or prove infinity of ſpace, by cauſe on cauſe effected:
Better ſouls we can't become, by immaterial thinking!
And as to ſpace, we want no room, but room enough to drink in.

Plenum, *vaccuum*, *minus*, *plus*, are learned words, and rare too;
Thoſe, our tutors may diſcuſs; and theſe that pleaſe, may hear too: [behind, Sir;
A *plenum* in our wine we ſhew, with *plus* and *plus*
And when our purſe is *minus* low, a *vaccuum* then we find, Sir.

'Gravity, all muſt allow, agrees not with our calling;
'The very name we diſavow, when moſt in dread
of falling: [ing nodes, Sir,
'As drunk we reel acroſs the floor, we're in deſcend-
'And when we've had ſix bottles more, we're down
at antipodes, Sir.'

Newton talk'd of lights and ſhades, and diff'rent
colours knew, Sir; [two, Sir!
Don't let us perplex our heads; we will but ſtudy
White and red, our glaſſes boaſt; true humour's
rare faction, [attraction.
And after him we'll drink our toaſt,—the centre of

On this theſis we'll declaim, with *ſtratum ſuper ſtratum*:
There's magic in the mighty name; 'tis nature's
poſtulatum: [blend 'em,
Wine in nature's next to love, then wiſely let us
And thus phyſically prove, *nunc tempus eſt bibendum.*

THE LIMERICK BUCK HUNT.

TUNE,—*Laury Grogan.*

BY your leave Laury Grogan,
Enough has been ſpoken,
It's time to give over your ſonnet, your ſonnet;
Come liſten to mine, Sir,
Much truer than thine, Sir,
For theſe very eyes were upon it, upon it:

It is of a buck ſlain
This very campaign,
To let him live longer, were pity, were pity;
For head and for branches,
For fat and for haunches,
Exceeded a mayor of a city, a city.

A council aſſembled,
(Who'd think but he trembled)
Of lads of good ſpirit, well mounted, well mounted,
Each his whip and cap on,
And ſpurs made at Ripon,
The number full twenty, well counted, well counted;
But in legs he confiding,
All efforts deriding,
He thought himſelf ſafe as in bed, Sir, in bed, Sir,
With bounce, off he goes,
And toſs'd up his noſe;
But ringwood cry'd, lord help your head, Sir, your head, Sir.

Off ſcores we went bounding,
Sweet horns were a ſounding,
Each youth fill'd the grove with a whoop and a holloo:
Dubourg were he there,
Such ſweet muſic to hear,
Would leave his Cremona and follow, and follow,
Knockdiſcan, Knockainy,
And hills twice as many; [ditches:
We ſcamper'd o'er ſtone walls, o'er hedges o'er

He ſkimm'd o'er the grounds,
But to baffle our hounds,
Was ne'er yet in any buck's breeches, buck's breeches.

Four hours he held out,
Moſt ſurpriſingly ſtout,
'Till at length to his fate he ſubmitted, ſubmitted;
His throat being cut up,
And poor culprit put up,
To the place whence he came was remitted, remitted;
A place moſt enchanting,
Where nothing was wanting,
That poor hungry huntſmen could wiſh for, could wiſh for,
Of delicate fare,
(Tho' numbers were there)
Yet every man was a diſh for, a diſh for.

We fell too with fury,
Like a long famiſh'd jury,
Nor ſtay'd we for grace to our dinner, our dinner;
The butler a ſweating,
The knives all a whetting.
The edge of each ſtomach was keener, was keener.
The bumper went round,
With a muſical ſound,
Clink, clink, like ſweet bells went the glaſſes, the glaſſes:
We diſpatch'd Queen and King,
And each other fine thing,
To bumper the beautiful laſſes, ſweet laſſes.

There was ſweet Sally Curry,
And Singleton Cherry,
Miſs Croker, Miſs Bligh, and Miſs Pritty, Miſs Pritty,
With lovely Miſs Pearce,
That ſubject of verſe,
Who ſhall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my ditty.
With numberleſs more,
From fifteen to a ſcore,
O had you but ſeen them together, together;
Such charms you'd diſcover,
You'd pity the Louvre,
And count it as light as a feather, a feather.

The man of the houſe,
And his beautiful ſpouſe,
May they live to give claret and veniſon, veniſon;
And may honeſt Ned,
There's no more to be ſaid,
Ne'er want the beggar's old beniſon, beniſon:
Long proſper that county,
The ſtorehouſe of bounty,
Where thus we indulge, and make merry, make merry;
For jovial as we are
We puff away all care,
To poor buſy Robin and Fleury, and Fleury.

THE DISAPPOINTED TRAVELLERS.

A Lawyer, Phyſician, and rev'rend Divine,
Were invited abroad in the country to dine;

The weather was pleaſant, the ſeaſon was May,
All nature around them look'd ſmiling and gay.
Derry down, &c.

O'er joy'd with the jaunt,—they ſaid to themſelves,
Let Coke, Shaw, and Sherlock, now ſleep on the ſhelves;
Farewell to Concordance, dull ſtatutes, and Mead;
While we feaſt abroad, let the pale ſtudent read.
Derry down, &c.

Thus forward they trudg'd it, amus'd with chit chat,
The rebels, Don Carlos—the Dutch, and all that;
Much pleas'd with the proſpect this time of the year,
But more with the thoughts of approaching good cheer. Derry down, &c.

As their walk now grew leſs, their hunger wax'd more,
They think of full diſhes, and bowls running o'er;
Anticipate all the delights of the feaſt,
And ſmell fancy'd fumes, half a furlong at leaſt.
Derry down, &c.

Imagine they ſee a large table well ſpread,
Here ſmoak'd the fat beef,—and there lay a calf's head;
The gammon and fowls, rang'd in order cloſe by,—
A leaſe hold, would wind up the whole with a pie.
Derry down, &c.

But men of round a corporation will tell ye,
Chimerical banquets will not fill the belly:
That love is platonic, ſome ſtoics declare,
But diet platonic—what mortal can bear!
Derry down, &c.

Now the houſe, their wiſh'd haven appear'd to the view,
One adjuſted his wig, and another his ſhoe;
But the Parſon, much wont to contemplate on high,
Looking up, could no ſmoke in the chimney deſcry.
Derry down, &c.

The complaiſant Lawyer firſt knock'd at the door,
"Is your maſter at home, pray?"—and look'd ſo demure!
"Lord; Sir, why my meaſter a journey is gean,
"And win't be whoam,—nay—I can't tell ye when."
Derry down, &c.

Eneas of old, look'd not more like a ghoſt,
When ſearching old Ilium, Creuſa was loſt;
Nor half famiſh'd Trojans were ſo much aghaſt,
When the harpies devoured their rural repaſt.
Derry down, &c.

The Parſon declar'd with a ſorrowful face,
To fly from engagements ſhew'd great want of grace:
For firſt—revelation and reaſon allow,
That a promiſe obliges, as much as a vow.
Derry down, &c

It appears next from Habakukk, chapter the firſt,
That denounces a breach of performance accurſt;
And thirdly—the fathers, from old martyr Juſtin,
Condemn breach of truſt, down to Jerome and
Auſtin. Derry down, &c.

And fourthly—hold, cries Habeas Corpus, we did
not come hither
To join both in faſting and preaching together:—
When lawyers are hungry 'tis a mercileſs ſign;
Poor criminals hang, for fat judges to dine.
Derry down, &c.

He could prove from the ſtatutes, and Wingate
and Skinner,
That eloping from home, and demurring a dinner,
By defrauding the ſubject of natural food,
Was actual man-ſlaughter ſtill underſtood.
Derry down, &c.

And by Magna Charta's authentic commanding,
This was robbery plain, any wiſe,—notwithſtanding;
But the Doctor declar'd it was no time for frolic;
And that faſting did oftimes occaſion the cholic.
Derry down, &c.

Then he quoted Hippocrates, Galen and Wynne,
That when food is all out, the wind will ruſh in,
Tho' Deſcartes would never a vacuum allow,
He thought his inſide could demonſtrate it now.
Derry down, &c.

He ſhew'd that when paſſions are rais'd like a tide,
Diſſappointed at once, they too ſoon would ſubſide;
As the ſtring of a fiddle, or ſcrew of a jack,
When wound up too high, of a ſudden will crack.
Derry down, &c.

Thus having bewail'd their misfortunes, alone,
(Dire hunger will ſharpen men's wits like a hone)
They deem'd it moſt requiſite, not to relate,
To their neighbours at home, their tantalis'd fate.
Derry down, &c.

For ſhould it be known, 'twould encreaſe their chagrin,
To be jeer'd at like Burton, and Baſtwick, and Prynn;
And by conſequence, very much add to their load,
To be flouted at home, and be famiſh'd abroad.
Derry down, &c.

But by gown and caſſock, diploma and ſeal,
They vow'd full revenge for the loſs of their meal.
Thus vex'd at their fortune, and bilk'd of their feaſt,
Travell'd home in the dumps, Lawyer, Doctor and Prieſt.
Derry down, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, and the morning grey,
The drummer beat the reveille;
And jolly ſoldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camp ſlept ſafe and ſound:

Only one poor ſoldier, who
Nought but love could e'er ſubdue,
Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,
There to vent his plaints and love.

O! women are lovely dangerous things,
Their ſweets, like the bees, are mingled with ſtings;
They're not to be had without care and coſt;
They're hard to be kep't, and eaſily loſt:
In ſeeking a fair one, I found to my ſmart,
I knew not the way I loſt my own heart,
I knew not the way I loſt my own heart.

Too fondly once I thought to win the lovely charmer,
And ev'ry method try'd in hopes to make her warmer:
But all my hopes are over, what ſcheme then can I try?
But, like a hapleſs lover, here lay me down and die.
As on the ground he lay,
Minerva came that way,
In arms bright and gay,
And thus to him did ſay:

Riſe, ſoldier, riſe;—the drummer beats to arms,
Hark to the loud alarms;
Hang her beauty, mind your duty,
Think not of her charms.
Riſe, ſoldier, riſe;—I'll take you by the hand,
And lead you to the land,
And give you the command
Of a choſen band.

Riſe, ſoldier, riſe;
Don't be ſtupid,
Drive away Cupid,
Think on Minerva's wiſe advice.
Soldier, go home, go home,
Ne'er mind your miſtreſs's ſcorn;
Slight, ſlight her again,
Slight, ſlight her again,
For ſlighted love ſhould ſlights return.

The ſoldier then roſe from his am'rous ſloth,
And haſted away to his duty;
Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never think more of her beauty.
Sing bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff,
Hey for a heart as ſtout as a buff.

Thoſe that live ſingle they never wear horns,
Thoſe that live ſingle are happy;
Thoſe that are married do lye upon thorns,
They always go ragged and ſhabby.
Sing cuckolds come dig, cuckolds come dig,
Round about cuckolds come dance to my jig.

Thoſe that live ſingle do ne'er fear a rout,
Nothing to them can be ſweeter;
They have no wife for to ſimper and pout,
Crying, "How can you leave me, dear Peter!"
Sing bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff,
Hey for a heart as ſtout as a buff.

Ye belles and flirts, that are ſo fair,
Say, are not ſoldiers form'd for love?

For ſure you'll find them all ſincere,
If you'll but kind and conſtant prove;
But if you ſlight their paſſion ſtill,
And tyranize o'er hearts ſo true,
Depend upon't, they'll all rebel,
And never care a fig for you.

O! hold your fooliſh tongue,
Little ſmiling Cupid ſaid;
Have you never heard it ſung,
That conſtancy would win a maid?
The greateſt men alive
Have been by Cupid's pow'r o'ercome;
'Tis in vain with love to ſtrive,
Though arm'd with ſword, and ſpear, and gun.

Then ground your arms, ſons of war,
There's no quarr'ling with the fair.

THE JUDICIOUS CHOICE.

A Beautiful face and a form without fault,
Are not the attractions by which I am caught;
Good nature, good ſenſe, and an honeſt free mind,
Are perfections in woman to which I'm inclin'd.

For a time beauty charms, but ſo certain is age,
That who with a beauty alone would engage?
Since time ſpreads a veil o'er the brighteſt of eyes,
And a face is a flow'r that bloſſoms and dies.

Then, Venus, be gone with your artful decoys,
Which like ſyrens do tempt, and like ſyrens deſtroy;
'Tis friendſhip and virtue I ſeek in a wife,
Whom I'd love and careſs ev'ry day of my life.

NOTTINGHAM ALE.

YOUNG Venus, the goddeſs of beauty and love,
Aroſe from the froth that ſwam on the ſea;
Minerva ſprung out of the cranium of Jove,
A coy ſullen ſlut, as moſt authors agree;
Great Bacchus, they tell us, who's the prince of good fellows,
Was his nat'ral ſon:—But attend to my tale;
For thoſe that thus chatter
Know nought of the matter,
He ſprung from a barrel of Nottingham ale.

Ye clergy ſo rev'rend, prieſts, vicars, and deacons,
Attend, and you'll certainly own it is true;
That Nottingham ale is the chief of all liquors,
And who underſtands the dear creature like you?
It diſpells ev'ry vapour,
Saves pen, ink, and paper;
And when you're diſpos'd in the pulpit to rail,
It will open your throats,
You may preach without notes,
When inſpir'd with full bumpers of Nottingham ale.

Ye doctors, who more execution have done
With bolus, with powder, with potion and pill,

Than hangman with halter, or ſoldier with gun,
Than miſer with famine, or lawyer with quill:
To diſpatch us the quicker
You forbid us malt liquor,
'Till our bodies grow thin, and our faces wax pale.
Each knows, if he pleaſes,
What cures all diſeaſes,
Is hearty full bumpers of Nottingham ale.

Ye lovers, who talk of your flames, darts, and daggers,
With Nottingham ale ply your miſtreſs but hard;
The girl that once taſtes it will drink till ſhe ſtaggers,
And all your paſt ſuff'rings with kindneſs reward;
You may turn and twiſt her,
And do what you liſt t' her,
You have found the right way with her heart to prevail;
Let her take her glaſs often,
There's nothing can ſoften
The heart of a woman like Nottingham ale.

SONG.

O! Would'ſt thou know what ſacred charms
This deſtin'd heart of mine alarms;
What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the ſigh ſincere,
Who melts to ſee the tender tear;

From each ungentle paſſion free
Be ſuch the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er ſhe ſees me glad,
Who ſorrows when ſhe ſees me ſad:
For peace and me can pomp reſign,
Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whoſe ſoul with gen'rous friendſhip glows,
Who feels the bleſſing ſhe beſtows;
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Such be mine, if ſuch there be.

Whoſe genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart;
A gentle train from falſehood free,
Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt! ye light coquets! retire
Whom glitt'ring fops around admire;
Unmov'd your tinſel charms I ſee;
More genuine beauties are made for me.

Should Love, fantaſtic as he is,
Raiſe up ſome rival to my bliſs;
And ſhould ſhe change,—but, can that be?
No other maid is made for me.

SONG.

GRANT us, kind heav'n, what we requeſt,
In Maſonry let us be bleſt;

Direct us to that happy place
Where friendſhip ſmiles in every face:
Where freedom and ſweet innocence
Enlarge the mind and cheer the ſenſe.

Where ſcepter'd reaſon, from her throne,
Surveys the Lodge, and makes us one;
And harmony's delightful ſway
For ever ſheds ambroſial day:
Where we bleſt Eden's pleaſure taſte,
Whilſt balmy joys are our repaſt.

No prying eye can view us here;
No fool or knave diſturb our cheer;
Our well-form'd laws ſet mankind free,
And give relief to miſery:
The poor, oppreſs'd with woe and grief,
Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

Our Lodge the ſocial virtues grace,
And wiſdom's rules we fondly trace;
Whole nature, open to our view,
Points out the paths we ſhould purſue.
Let us ſubſiſt in laſting peace,
And may our happineſs increaſe.

NEW ROAST BEEF,

To the Old Tune.

Now Old England's flag is commander in chief,
With mounſieur our Monarch turns o'er a new leaf,

Down, down with French diſhes, up, up with roaſt beef. O the roaſt beef, &c.

In flat bottoms, ſlily, thoſe ſchemers were coaſting,
They threaten'd invaſion, but ſpite of their boaſting,
No ribs of roaſt beef had they, but a rib roaſting.

While good Engliſh beef, and good Engliſh brown-beer,
Pleaſe our taſtes, and each day on our tables appear,
What more can we hope for, or what can we fear.

The Spaniards once ſtrove, by the ſtrength of their guns,
To make us keep lent, and to turn our girls nuns,
But we ſtill roaſt our beef, for we baſted the Dons.

At Minorca, indeed, tho' I ſpeak it with grief,
Our garriſon fainted for want of relief;
They grew out of hopes as they grew out of beef.

But at Minden well fed, why, we there fac'd about,
Right and left, van and rear, foot and horſe, put to rout;
They wou'd be in our beef—but avaſt, they were out.

To plunder our cupbroads France ſent the Breſt fleet,
We a belly-full gave them without any meat, [eat.
They then ſold their plates cauſe they'd nothing to

We came, ſaw, and conquer'd the French lilies droop,

Louiſbourgh, Montreal, Martinique, Guadaloupe,
Their towns we toſs'd up, juſt as they ſwallow ſoup.

By the ſtrength of our beef, we our bulwarks maintain,
As liberty's firſt born, and lord of the main;
And thoſe deeds are witneſs'd by France and by Spain.

All Knights, by their titles, in heraldy ſhine,
Nay, writers romantic have ſtil'd ſome divine,
But what are their firs to old England's ſir-loin.

Let us honour this diſh, 'tis in dignity chief,
For garniſh will give it the nobleſt relief:
Here's Liberty,—Loyalty,—Aye,—and Roaſt Beef.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

THE BRUTES.

COME ceaſe all your pother about this or that;
All diſcord and envy let paſs:
The Tatler who talks of he cannot tell what,
May juſtly be reckon'd an Aſs, an Aſs,
May juſtly be reckon'd an Aſs.

The Beau who befrizzes and tortures his hair,
To heighten his delicate ſhape,
(While ever grimace is the end of his care)
Deſerves to be reckon'd an Ape.

The cynical Churl who would fain be thought wiſe,
And doth conſtantly cavil and growl,

(Tho' this may be wiſdom in ſome people's eyes)
Deſerves to be reckon'd an Owl.

The Glutton who, greedy, for ever would ſtuff
On all the fine diſhes in vogue,
Who never content, would have more than enough,
Deſerves to be reckon'd a Hog.

The Clown who tho' clumſey, would active be thought,
Or wonderous clever appear,
As the fable can ſhew,—put him into a boat,
And he'll prove nothing elſe but a Bear.

The Merchant who ventures o'er Afric' to roam,
In hazardous ſearch after luck,—
Ne'er knows that his lady hath gallants at home,
Who dub the poor Cuckold a Buck.

The innocent Fool, who believes he's ſecure,
In the middle of danger to ſleep,
Who dreads no deceit from the Foxes in pow'r,
Deſerves to be reckon'd a Sheep.

The Goſſip brim full of an ill natur'd tale,
Runs over with aukward abuſe;
Whilſt this cackling humour doth ever prevail,
She deſerves to be reckon'd a Gooſe,

The Rogue who in plund'ring and filching repleat,
Th' unwarry draws into a gulf,
Who lives but to murder, to rob and to cheat,
May juſtly be reckon'd a Wolf.

But he whom good ſenſe and good nature inſpire,
To do all the good that he can,
While Juſtice and Virtue are all his deſire,
May juſtly be reckon'd a Man a Man,
May juſtly be reckon'd a Man.

YOUNG COLIN.

When hills were green, and fields were gay,
And birds ſat ſinging on each ſpray,
Young Colin met me in a grove,
And told me tender tales of love,
Was ever ſwain ſo blyth as he,
So kind ſo gen'rous and ſo free,
In ſpite of all my friends could ſay,
Young Colin ſtole my heart away.

As he trips the meadows alone,
So ſweetly he joins the wood-lark's ſong;
And as he dances on the green,
There's none ſo blyth as Colin ſeen;
For when he's by I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care.
In ſpite of all my friends &c.

My mammie chides me how I rove,
And ſeems ſurpriz'd I quit my home;
She wou'd not wonder how I rove,
Did ſhe but know how well I love:
For well I know the gen'rous ſwain,
Will never give my boſom pain.
In ſpite of all my friends &c.

I'll meet him in the valies below,
Where lambs are ſkipping too and fro;
When on his pipe he plays ſo ſweet,
It makes me happy when we meet;
So let them all ſay what they will,
There's none but Colin I love ſtill.
In ſpite of all my friends &c.

When that I go unto my reſt,
The thoughts of Colin's in my breaſt,
Let dad and mam ſay what they will,
There's none but Colin I love ſtill,
Let dad and mam ſay what they will,
There's none but Colin I love ſtill.
In ſpite of all my friends &c.

In Hymen's bands let's joined be,
And live in love and unity,
My love, ſaid ſhe, I'll conſtant prove,
As ever did the turtle dove.
In ſpite of all my friends could ſay,
Young Colin ſtole my heart away.

SONG.

WHILE yet as cowan I wander'd the plain,
I thought to be a Maſon again and again,
But often was told it was not for my weil,
For at meetings of Maſons they raiſed the Deil.
Raiſed the Deil, &c.

I thither repair'd, being reſolv'd in my mind,
When to my ſurpriſe a good friend I did find,
And bade me prepare, for ſo hearty I'd feel;
What ſtill was now ſtrange when I thought on the Deil. Thought on the Deil, &c.

We knock'd, but was ſtopp'd; when we enter'd the door,
They ſaid, Who brings you here, whom we ne'er ſaw before;
I told them, I thought to be admitted fu' weil,
As I freely came here to ſhake hands wi' the Deil.
Shake hands wi' the Deil, &c.

By leave from the chair then admittance we found,
But like one that's blind I gropp'd all the way round;
'Till ſomething I felt made me ſtagger and reel,
Which rais'd my old thought, I'd meet wi' the Deil.
Meet with the Deil, &c.

At laſt to my joy I found all things go right,
And began by degrees to diſcover the light;
The maſter advis'd me to ſwallow a pill,
Which he ſaid would purge from me all fears of the Deil. Fears of the Deil, &c.

By leave from the chair I did join the glad throng,
And partook of their joys o'er a glaſs and a ſong:
Ye cowans, remember the Maſons are leel,
And beware of yourſelves when you ſpeak of the Deil. Speak of the Deil, &c.

HIGHLAND QUEEN.

No more my ſong ſhall be, ye ſwains,
Of purling ſtreams, or flow'ry plains;
More pleaſing beauties me inſpire,
And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre;
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my highland queen.

In her, ſweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike ſhe ſmiles on you and me:
The brighteſt nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my highland queen.

Nor ſordid wiſh, or trifling joy,
Her ſettled calm of mind deſtroy;
Strict honour fills her ſpotleſs ſoul,
And adds a luſtre to the whole:
A matchleſs ſhape, a graceful mein,
All center in my highland queen.

How bleſt that youth, whom gentle fate
Has deſtin'd for ſo fair a mate;
Has all theſe wond'ring gifts in ſtore,
And each returning day brings more.
No youth ſo happy can be ſeen,
Poſſeſſing thee my highland queen.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Langolee.*

WHILE thus, mighty Bacchus! we ſing thy great glory,
And wine in full bumpers we joyfully quaff,
Attend with thy train, jolly god! we implore thee,
And join with thy vot'ries, when drunk, the loud laugh:
For life is a jeſt, and every thing ſhows it,
And of ſhort duration, there's no one but knows it,
The preſent time's ours, and they're fools that would loſe it;
Come then our full bumpers let's joyfully quaff.

Elated with wine, when at midnight we revel,
Thro' ſtreets we keep roaring, all jovial and free,
And "kick up a duſt," roar and ſing like the d—l,
No mortals on earth are ſo happy as we.
And beating the rounds, when each takes his ſtation,
'Mongſt lamps, and the windows! oh! what devaſtation,
With watchmen and guards we play h—l and d—mn—n;
What champions ſo brave—ſo courageous as we!

Dull mortals around us, of ev'ry profeſſion,
Who in toil, or in ſtudy, their lifetimes employ
When cloy'd with their bus'neſs, they all make confeſſion,
Such pleaſures as ours they ne'er can enjoy.

Come all at once, then, let's drink off our glaſſes;
The joys of old wine there's no pleaſure ſurpaſſes,
The ſober dull fool who denies it an aſs is,
In drinking there's pleaſure which never can cloy.

MODERATION AND ALTERATION.

Here's an old ſong made by an ancient pate,
Of a worthy old gentleman who had a good eſtate;
And kept a very plentiful houſe at a very plentiful rate;
With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.
Moderation, moderation, O wonderful moderation.

With a good lady, whoſe anger a good word aſſuages,
Who never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen or pages;
But every quarter paid her old ſervants their wages,
And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coat and badges. Moderation, &c.

With an old library fill'd full of learned old books,
And reverend old chaplain, you might knew him by his looks,
An old butchery-hatch worn off the old hooks,
And a good old kitchen that maintains half a dozen good cooks. Moderation, &c.

With an old hall hung round with guns, pikes and bows,
And old ſwords and bucklers, which had born many hard blows;

An old frize coat to cover his worſhip's trunk hoſe,
And a cup of good old cherry to comfort his copper noſe. Moderation, &c.

With a good old cuſtom when chriſtmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And have good cheer enough in every old room,
And liquor enough to make a cat ſpeak, and a wiſe man dumb. Moderation, &c.

With an old huntſman, a falconer, and a pack of hounds,
With which he ne'er hunted but on his own grounds;
For he like a wiſe man kept himſelf within bounds.
And when he dy'd left each child a good old thouſand pounds. Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldeſt ſon his houſe and land he aſſign'd,
Charging him in his will to be of the ſame bountiful mind;
But in the end you ſhall hear how he was inclin'd,
And left his good old father's precepts behind.
Alteration, &c.

Like a young gallant who had juſt taken poſſeſſion of his land,
He took up a thouſand pounds upon his own bond;
Kept a brace or two of creatures at his own command;
And drinking at taverns 'till he could neither ſit or ſtand. Alteration &c.

With a new lady who was freſh and fair,
And never knew what belonged to houſekeeping or care,
Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wanton air, [cow tail hair.
And half a dozen dreſſes made of horſes mains and
Alteration, &c.

With a new library ſtuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new faſhion'd ſort of a chaplain who ſwears faſter then he prays;
Alſo a new butchery-hatch then opens but once in five or ſix days,
And a large kitchen ſtor'd with nothing but kickſhaws and toys.
Alteration &c.

With a new hall built juſt where the old one ſtood,
In which was never ſeen fire, either of turf, coal or wood;
It was hung round with pictures, which did the poor little good,
The ſubject whereof were all profane and lewd.
Alteration, &c.

With a new faſhion when chriſtmas is come,
In a poſtchaiſe from London we muſt be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a ſtone. Alteration, &c.

With a new valet, his perſon to adorn,
In order to attend my Lord's levee in the morn;
In horſe-racing, gaming, maſquerades and plays,
The young gallant conſumes, health, wealth and days.
Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
For which many of his father's good old manors were ſold,
Which is the reaſon moſt men do hold,
That open-houſe keeping is now a-days grown ſo very cold.
Alteration, alteration, O! wonderful alteration.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'TWAS Summer, and ſoftly the breezes were blowing,
And ſweetly the nightingale ſung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I ſat myſelf down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou ſweet river;
Thy banks' pureſt ſtreams ſhall be dear to me ever;
For there I firſt gain'd the affection and favour
Of Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning.
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
And, ah! there's no hope of his ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone helpleſs youth! o'er the rude roaring billows;
The kindeſt and ſweeteſt of all the gay fellows;
And left me to ſtray 'mongſt the once loved willows,
The lonelieſt maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet reſtore him;
Bleſt peace may reſtore my dear ſhepherd to me;
And when he returns, with ſuch care I'll watch o'er him,
He never ſhall leave the ſweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then ſhall flow, all its beauties diſplaying;
The lambs on its banks ſhall again be ſeen playing;
While I with my Sandy am careleſly ſtraying,
And taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.

Thus ſang the fair maid on the banks of the river,
And ſweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree;
But, now all theſe hopes muſt evaniſh for ever,
Since Sandy ſhall ne'er ſee the banks of the Dee.
On a foreign ſhore the ſweet youth lay dying,
In a foreign grave his body's now lying;
Whilſt friends and acquaintance in Scotland are crying,
For Sandy the glory and pride of the Dee.

Miſhap on the hand by which he was wounded;
Miſhap on the wars that call'd him away
From a circle of friends, by which he was ſurrounded,
Who mourn for dear Sandy the tedious day.

Oh! poor hapleſs maid, who mourns diſcontented
The loſs of a lover ſo juſtly lamented;
By time, only time, can her grief be cemented,
And all her dull hours become chearful and gay.

'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her mourning,
From unjuſt rebellion his country to free;
He left her, in hopes of his ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee:
For this he deſpis'd all dangers and perils;
'Twas thus he eſpous'd Britannia's quarrels,
That when he came home he might crown her with laurels,
The happieſt maid on the banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
Though dreadful the thought muſt be unto me;
He fell, like brave Wolf, when the troops were victorious,
Sure each tender heart muſt bewail the decree:
Yet, though he is gone, the once faithful lover,
And all our fine ſchemes of true happineſs over,
No doubt he implored his pity and favour
For me he had left on the banks of the Dee.

SONG.

TUNE,—*God ſave the King.*

HAIL, Maſonry divine;
Glory of ages ſhine,

Long may'ſt thou reign:
Where'er thy lodges ſtand,
May they have great command,
And always grace the land,
Thou art divine!

Great fabrics ſtill ariſe,
And grace the azure ſkies,
Great are thy ſchemes:
Thy noble orders are
Matchleſs beyond compare;
No art with thee can ſhare,
Thou art divine!

Hiram, the architect,
Did all the craft direct
How they ſhould build;
Sol'mon, great Iſr'el's king,
Did mighty bleſſings bring,
And left us room to ſing,
Hail, royal Art.

Chorus 3 times.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Rule, Britannia.*

WHEN earth's foundation firſt was laid,
By the Almighty Artiſt's hand,
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
Eſtabliſh'd by his ſtrict command.
Hail, myſterious, hail, glorious Maſonry!
That makes us ever great and free.

As man throughout for ſhelter ſought,
In vain from place to place did roam,
Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught
To plan, to build, to fix his home.
Hail, myſterious, &c.

Hence illuſtrious roſe our Art,
And now in beauteous piles appear;
Which ſhall to endleſs, to endleſs time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.
Hail, myſterious, &c.

Nor we leſs fam'd for every tye,
By which the human thought is bound;
Love, truth, and friendſhip, and friendſhip ſocially
Join all our hearts and hands around.
Hail, myſterious, &c.

Our actions ſtill by virtue bleſt,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world admiring, admiring ſhall requeſt
To learn, and our bright paths purſue.
Hail, myſterious, &c.

SONG.

GIVE me but a wife, I expect not to find
Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd;
No goddeſs for me, 'tis a woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.
No goddeſs for me, 'tis a woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

Be ſhe young ſhe's not ſtubborn, but eaſy to mould,
Or ſhe claims my reſpect, like a mother, if old;
Thus either can pleaſe me, ſince woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

Like Venus ſhe ogles, if wanton her eye,
If blind, ſhe the roving of mine cannot ſpy;
Thus either is lovely, for woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

If rich be my bride, ſhe brings tokens of love,
If poor, then the further from pride's my remove.
Thus either contents me, for woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

I ne'er ſhall want converſe, if tongue ſhe poſſeſs,
And, if mute, ſtill the rarity pleaſes no leſs;
I'm ſuited to either, for woman I prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

Then ceaſe, ye profane, on the ſex to deſcant,
If you've wit to diſcern, no perfection they want;
Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize,
And he that ſeeks more is more curious than wiſe.

SONG.

Tho' the laws of Great Britain do wiſely provide,
That the wants of 'ſquire Ketch ſhould be amply ſupply'd,
Yet I dreamt t'other night that more necks might be ty'd Unto Tyburn tree.

The fellow that flatters to ſerve his own end,
That bids, with full belly, the de'il take his friend,
This honeſt and worthy would I recommend
Unto Tyburn tree.

The gentleman gameſter, that ſoars for his prey,
Then darts on the ſimpleton, mark'd for the day,
His laſt game of chances ſhould certainly play
Upon Tyburn tree.

The man that for money would cut Britain's throat,
That fees dirty ſcribblers to fib for a groat,
Make room for his honour to vote his laſt vote
Upon Tyburn tree.

The prieſt that o'er ſinners ſo ſorely can mourn,
Yet, to compaſs lawn-ſleeves, his dear bible would burn,
And damn his diſciples—let him take a turn
Upon Tyburn tree.

The deep virtuoſo, by medals beguil'd,
That, to purchaſe an Otho, would part with a child,
Or ſtarve his old dad—let him ſtarve and look wild
Upon Tyburn tree.

The dame ſcientific, neglected ſo long,
That ſows fatal ſtriſe 'twixt the fond and the young
Quick! ſeize madam caution, and ſeal up her tongue
Upon Tyburn tree.

The barriſter, brimful of juſtice and law,
That creeps into your boſom your bowels to gnaw
Let him mount, and report, if he finds out a flaw
In old Tyburn tree.

The witling that pilfers each hoary conceit,
That ſtalks on tall ſtilts, never made for his feet
I'll wager, repentant his words he would eat
Upon Tyburn tree.

The critics, that ſplutter and kick at the muſe,
With the ſenſe of a gooſe, and the candour of Jews
Let them open their jaws, and their judgement infuſe
Into Tyburn tree.

The patron, that ey'd you without one half-crown,
And fed him with hopes of the ſky's falling down
Let him knit his falſe brows, and forbid in a frown
Upon Tyburn tree.

Should all ſwing in halters that ſay and unſay,
That for ſixpence would ſwear, and belie, and betray,
Some dozens, I think, might be ty'd up to-day
Upon Tyburn tree.

Far off from the few honeſt folks that deſpiſe
The flummers of faſhion, the whip cream of lies,
May the riff-raff remove that ſubſiſt on diſguiſe,
Unto Tyburn tree.

JOHN OF BADENYON.

WHEN firſt I came to be a man of twenty years or ſo,
I thought myſelf a handſome youth, and fain the world would know.
In beſt attire I ſtept abroad, with ſpirits briſk and gay,
And here, and there, and every where, was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have paſs'd in country or in town:
I ſtill was pleas'd where'er I went, and when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myſelf with John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime a miſtreſs I muſt find;
For love, they ſay, gives one an air, and ev'n improves the mind.
On Philis fair, above the reſt, kind Fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauty ſtruck my heart, and ſhe became my choice:
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd, and ſung, and ſigh'd and ſwore, as other lovers do:

But when at laſt I breath'd my flame, I found her
cold as ſtone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe to John of
Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd, with
fooliſh hopes and vain,
To Friendſhip's port I ſteer'd my courſe, and laugh'd
at lovers pain.
A friend I got, by lucky chance, 'twas ſomething
like divine;
An honeſt friend's a precious gift, and ſuch a gift
was mine:
And now whatever might betide, a happy man was I,
In any ſtrait I knew to whom I freely might apply;
A ſtrait ſoon came, my friend I try'd, he laugh'd
and ſpurn'd my moan,
I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myſelf with John of
Badenyon.

I thought I ſhould be wiſer next, and would a
patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes, and cry up Parſon
Horne;
Their noble ſpirit I admir'd, and prais'd their man-
ly zeal:
Who had with flaming tongue and pen maintain'd
the public weal:
But e'er a month or two was paſt, I found myſelf
betray'd:
'Twas Self and Party after all, for all the ſtir they
made.

At laſt I ſaw theſe factious knaves inſult the very throne,
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe, to John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while, ſtill hoping to ſucceed,
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd to read;
I bought and borrow'd every where, and ſtudy'd night and day;
Nor miſt what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happened in my way,
Philoſophy I now eſteem'd the ornament of youth:
And carefully thro' many a page I hunted after truth.
A thouſand various ſchemes I try'd, and yet was pleas'd with none,
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to John of Badenyon.

And now ye youngſters every where, who want to make a ſhow, [below;
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happineſs
What you may fancy pleaſure here is but an empty name,
For girls, and friends, and books, and ſo, you'll find them all the ſame.
Then be adviſ'd, and warning take from ſuch a man as me,
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:

You'll find diſpleaſure every where; then do as I
have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and pleaſe yourſelf with John
of Badenyon.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Cæſar and Pompey.*

WHAT a noiſe has there been, what a ſtrange con-
ſternation!
About the ſtate jockeys who jockey the nation?
The Ins and the Outs, Ups and Downs, a mere
race is,
Where all, jockey-like, whip to get the beſt places;
And he that's flung off in his fall, does harangue, Sir,
And ſwears all before him, in juſtice, ſhould hang, Sir,

The hindmoſt condemns what the foremoſt is
doing,
And ſays he wrong meaſures is daily purſuing;
Yet, twenty to one, was he in the ſame place, Sir,
With him that complains, 'twould be juſt the ſame
caſe, Sir;
'Tis nothing but gambling, and thoſe who remark it
Will find as much jockeying at court, as Newmarket.

When the Scots into places of truſt got admittance,
And favours were amply beſtow'd on North-Britons,
The Whigs were with anger and jealouſy ſwelling,
To ſee thoſe extoll'd who before were rebelling;

'Twas this provok'd Wilkes to that ſore aggravation,
For which he was jockey'd quite out of the nation.

There is not a ſtateſman among all the band, Sir,
But ſays that he acts for the good of the land, Sir;
Yet plain is it ſeen that ſome patriot pretenders,
Who call themſelves Engliſhmen's glorious defenders,
Do talk, and talk only, but ſtill the main plan, Sir,
Is to put in their pockets as much as they can, Sir.

Such plauſible guardians our truſt we repoſe in,
Who tells us fine ſtories before they are choſen;
They fawn on the ign'rant, and gull the unthinking,
And come on the blind ſide of thoſe who love drinking;
Then after they've purchas'd us, this is the caſe, Sir,
They ſell us again on a ſeven years leaſe, Sir.

Theſe, theſe are the maxims our rulers are prone to,
Which honeſt men would be aſham'd, Sir, to own to;
Nay even ſome B—— will lean to theſe notions
And barter the Bible for worldly promotions;
Self-int'reſt is all, ſo a fig for the din, Sir.
It boots not to us who is out, or who's in Sir.

THE WANDERER.

TUNE,—*The maid that's made for love and me.*

O GENTLE ſhepherds, ſaw ye paſs,
As tripping o'er the flow'ry graſs,
A beauteous maid as fair as ſnow,
As nimble as the winds that blow.

Whoſe looks are ſweet, and gay her mein,
All graceful as the Cyprian queen,
Black as the ſloes her ſparkling eyes,
Where little Cupid baſking lyes.

Whoſe ſprightly wit's beyond compare
Her graceful turns of thought declare;
Whoſe face and breaſt ſtill more combine,
To tell mankind that ſhe's divine.

The t'other morn the rogue ſurpris'd
My heart, of danger unadvis'd;
Now, conſcious of my fate, ſhe roves
In queſt of other ſportive loves.

In vain, ye ſwains, ſhall I purſue
The fair, if uninform'd by you;
Then ye, whoſe breaſts compaſſion move,
O! tell me where to find my love.

And ye, bright nymphs, too, lend your aid
To puniſh an inconſtant maid;
Ah! ſeize the little wand'ring toy,
The ſource of envy, ſource of joy.

SONG.

YOUNG I am, and ſore afraid:
Wou'd you hurt a harmleſs maid?
Lead an innocent aſtray?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe;
And ſhou'd you my faith deceive,
Ruin firſt, and then forſake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

CHEVY CHACE.

God proſper long our noble King,
Our lives and ſafeties all.
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-chace befal.
To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Piercy took his way.
The child may rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day.

The ſtout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods
Three ſummer days to take:
The choiceſt harts of chevy-chace
To kill and bear away.
Theſe tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who ſent Earl Piercy preſent word,
He would prevent the ſport.
The Engliſh Earl not fearing him,
Did to the woods reſort,
With twenty hundred bow-men bold,
All choſen men of might,

Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their ſhafts aright.

The gallant gray-hounds ſwiftly ran,
To chace the fallow-deer.
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear;
And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks ſlain.
Then having din'd the drovers went
To rouſe them up again.

The bow-men muſter'd on the hill,
Well able to endure;
Their backſides all with ſpecial care,
That day were guarded ſure.
The hounds ran ſwiftly thro' the wood,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo ſhrill did make.

Earl Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promiſed
This day to meet me here:
But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did ſay:

Lo yonder doth Lord Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;

Full fifteen hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
All marching in our ſight;
All pleaſant men of Teviotdale,
Dwell by the river Tweed.
Then ceaſe your ſports, Earl Piercy ſaid,
And take your bows with ſpeed.

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage to advance;
For there was ne'er a champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horſe-come;
But if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter man for man
With him to break a ſpear.

Lord Douglas on a milk-white ſteed,
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhin'd like gold.
Shew me (ſaid he) whoſe men you be,
That hunt ſo boldly here,
That, without my conſent, do chace
And kill my fallow-deer.

The firſt man that did anſwer make,
Was noble Piercy he,
Who ſaid, we liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe men we be;
Yet we will ſpend our deareſt blood
The choiceſt harts to ſlay.
Then Douglas ſwore a ſolemn oath,
And thus in rage did ſay.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die.
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, ſo am I.
But truſt me Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs men;
For they have done no ill:

Let thee and me the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide.
Accurſt be he, ſaid Earl Piercy,
By whom this is denied
Then ſteps a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington by name;
Who ſaid, he would not have it told
To Henry, his King for ſhame,

That ere my captain fought on foot,
And I ſtood looking on.
You be two Earls ſaid Witherington,
And I a Squire alone.
I'll do the beſt that I may do,
While I have pow'r to ſtand;
While I have pow'r to wield my ſword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our Scottiſh archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the firſt flight of arrows ſent,
Full fourſcore Engliſh ſlew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Douglas bade on the bent,
A captain mov'd with meikle pride;
The ſpears in ſhivers went.

They clos'd full faſt on every ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.
O but it was a grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
Were ſcatter'd here and there!

At laſt, theſe two ſtout Earls did meet,
Like chiftains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no lord,
And made a cruel fight.
They fought until they both did ſweat,
With ſwords of temp'red ſteel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas ſaid,
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
By James, our Scottiſh King.
Thy ranſom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the moſt couragious knight
That ever I did ſee.

No, Douglas, quoth Lord Piercy then,
Thy profer I do ſcorn.
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.
With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
Fight on my mirry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Piercy ſees me fall.
Then leaving life, Lord Piercy took
The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, Lord Douglas for thy life
Would I had loſt my land.

Oh! but my very heart doth bleed
With ſorrow for thy ſake:
For ſure a more renown'd knight
Miſchance did never take.
A knight among the Scots there was,
Which ſaw Earl Douglas die;
Who ſtraight, in wrath, did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a ſpear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallent ſteed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight.

He paſs'd the Engliſh archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then,
He thruſt his hateful ſpear:

With ſuch a vehement force and might,
It did his body gore,
The ſpear went through the other ſide,
A large cloth-yeard and more.
So thus did both theſe nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain,
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
His noble Lord was ſlain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yeard's-length,
Unto the head drew he;
Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery then,
So right his ſhaft he ſet,
The grey-gooſe wing that was thereon,
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did laſt from brake of day
Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rang the evening bell,
The battle ſcarce was done.
With the Lord Piercy there were ſlain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron;

Sir George, and alſo good Sir Hugh,
Both knights of good account:
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was ſlain,
Whoſe proweſs did ſurmount.
For Withrington I needs muſt wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were ſmitten off,
He fought ſtill on his ſtumps.

And, with Earl Douglas, there was ſlain,
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.
Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir David Lamb ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in likeways
Did with Earl Douglas die.
Of fifteen hundred Scottiſh peers,
Went home but fifty-three.
Of twenty hundred Engliſhmen,
Scarce fifty-five did flee:
The reſt were ſlain at Chevy-chace,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their huſbands to bewail:
They waſh'd their wounds in briniſh tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
They carried them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
When they were cold as clay.

The news were brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas ſuddenly
Was with an arrow ſlain.
Now, God be with him, ſaid our king,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I truſt I have, in my realm,
Five hundred good as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Piercy of Northumberland,
Was ſlain at Chevy-chace.
O heavy news! King Henry ſaid,
England can witneſs be,
I have not any captain more,
Of ſuch account as he.

Now of the reſt of ſmall account,
Did many hundreds die,
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-chace,
Made by the Earl Piercy.
God ſave the King, and bleſs the land,
With plenty, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that foul debates
'Twixt noblemen may ceaſe.

SONG.

TUNE,—*A Cobler there was*, &c.

GREAT Jupiter took it one day in his head
To ſend forth a meſſenger, as it is ſaid,
To ſearch every place, and to ſtrictly inquire
Where the goddeſs Fidelity choſe to retire.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nimble Mercury, ſtraight as a meſſenger dreſs'd,
A punctual obedience to orders expreſs'd,
And promis'd great Jove he would certainly find
Where ſhe was, if with deities or with mankind.
Derry down, &c.

Then down flew the god to fam'd Cytherea's grove,
In hopes of ſome news from the young god of love;
Who at firſt could not tell how to make a reply,
But, at laſt, told the truth, tho' accuſtom'd to lie.

I'm ignorant faith, ſays the little arch urchin,
What place for Fidelity, you muſt go ſearch in;
But I'm vaſtly ſurpris'd you ſhould think here to find her,
When you know that my mother and I never mind her.

This anſwer not ſuiting at all to his taſte,
Away then to Hymen does Mercury haſte:

But, what ignorance here did he ſhew of mankind,
To imagine Fidelity there he ſhould find.

Again diſappointed, he made no long ſtay,
But, with expedition, continued his way;
Yet thought that perhaps it might anſwer his end,
If inquiry he made of the goddeſs of friends.

But vain were his hopes in his ſearch here likewiſe,
For his hoſteſs thus anſwer'd, with tears in her eyes,
Alas! honeſt friend, this goddeſs ſo dear,
For whom you inquire, is ſeldom ſeen here.

In one only place you can find her on earth,
So haſten away to the Sons of True Mirth;
To a lodge of FREE MASONS immediate repair,
And no manner of doubt but you'll meet with her there.

SONG.

WATER, parted from the ſea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile vallies glide:

Though in ſearch of ſoft repoſe,
Through the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.

THE MILK MAID.

COMING home with my milk the young 'ſquire I met,
Says, Polly, love, ſet down your pails,
I have long been a kiſs or two, child, in your debt,
If I pay you, you muſt not tell tales.

To oblige him, and 'cauſe that I would not be croſs,
I preſently quitted my pails;
He pull'd me down gently on a bed of green moſs,
And kiſs me—I ſhould not tell tales.

I ſtrove to get up, but he ſtill kept me down:
I begg'd to go home with my pails:
He vow'd, to ſuch a pitch his fond paſſion was grown,
He'd wed—but I muſt not tell tales.

So gently he woo'd, and ſo warmly he preſt,
That I little more thought of my pails,
'Till beyond all eſcaping, I found him poſſeſt
Of my heart—but I muſt not tell tales.

He ſolemnly ſwore that he'd make me his wife,
And eaſe me of carrying pails:
If he don't, why, as ſure as a muſſel has life
If I'm ſilent, there is one will tell tales.

SONG.

YOUNG Jockey, who teiz'd me a twelve-month or more,
Now bolder is grown than was mortal before;

He whiſpers ſuch things as no virgin ſhould hear,
And he preſſes my lips with a warmth I can't bear.

With ſtories of love he would ſoften my mind,
And his eyes ſpeak a temper to miſchief inclin'd;
But I vow not a moment I'll truſt him alone,
And when next he grows rude I will bid him begone.

Of honour and truth not a word has he ſpoke,
And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke:
He ſhall find his miſtake if he ventures to try:
For, than yield on ſuch terms, oh! I rather would die.

With no creature beſide he ſuch freedom dare take;
Yet the handſome and witty he quits for my ſake:
But how can I think that he loves me the beſt?
Or how can I love him who'd break all my reſt?

Oh! Jockey, reform, nor be fooliſh again,
Leſt you loſe a fond heart you ſhall never regain:
If you change your behaviour, and to church chuſe to go,
I'll forgive all that's paſt, and will never ſay, No.

HE's AYE A KISSING ME.

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee,
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;

I winna hae the dominee, for good he canna' be;
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee,
For he's aye a-kiſſing, kiſſing, aye a-kiſſing me,
He's aye a-kiſſing, kiſſing, aye a-kiſſing mé.

I winna hae the miniſter, for a' his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wylie crooks;
I winna hae the ploughman-lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, without ae penny ſiller, For he's aye a-kiſſing, &c.

I winna hae the ſodger-lad, for he gangs to the war,
I winna hae the ſailor-lad, becauſe he ſmells o' tar;
I winna hae the lord nor laird, for a' their meikle gear,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir, For he's aye a-kiſſing, &c.

The TRADING WAR; *or a* DIP *in the* LOAN.

TUNE,—*Liberty-Hall.*

To get a ſnug penny ſince fighting began,
The war to encourage, ſeems far the beſt plan;
For war is a trade, I'll uphold it, by which,
Tho' thouſands get poor, many hundreds grow rich.

What ſoul that has taſted the ſweets of the loan,
But wiſhes next year the ſame work to go on?

And the deeper a man is concern'd in the trade,
The ſooner his fortune is ſure to be made.

Contractors, who all rich as Nabobs are grown,
The war to prolong, will any lengths run;
For taxes to thoſe who the plunder enjoy,
Are pills of that nature that never can cloy.

Rebellion to cruſh, when the Howes were employ'd,
A point of the utmoſt concern to decide;
If rumour ſay true, all the fear that was ſhewn,
Was that of performing the buſineſs too ſoon.

One Arnold, for fighting, the cudgels took up;
After making his thouſands—he makes a deed ſtop:
Then turning about, cries—the raſcals are poor;
"I'll e'en turn my coat,—'tis the way to get more."

Preferring hard dollars to Congreſs-drawn notes,
He'll fight like a Swiſs, for Turks, Ruſſians, or Croats:
Whither ſlavery, or freedom, America gains,
'Tis all one to him ſo the pelf he obtains.

On the waves, ſince manœuv'ring has been the chief trade,
Our fleets little more than drawn battles have made;
Hard fighting ſeems loſt, for our admirals ſay,
"The enemy always manœuvre away.

Thro' life, thus by actions, 'tis clearly diſplay'd,
That war, like religion's made too much a trade;

And our chiefs, like the clergy, ſo careleſs are grown,
The more they are paid, the leſs buſineſs is done.

When the budget ſcene opens, in haſte to ſubſcribe,
Away run the ſordid of every tribe: [quacks,
For the patriots themſelves, like the greedy ſtate
Of the ſpoil thus devour'd, very fain would go ſnacks

In this trade, like others, 'tis int'reſt that ſways,
And happy the man who the premier can pleaſe:
From lucre there's nothing the mind can controul;
'Tis int'reſt, ſelf-int'reſt, that governs the whole.

ETTRICK BANKS.

On Ettrick banks, in a ſummer's night
At glowming when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiſs'd and clapt her there fou lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I ſaid, my laſſie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erſe to learn?
I'll baith gie thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;

Chear up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter froſts, and ſnaw begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when ye ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes, and play a ſpring;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs amang the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That mak' the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh, and kiſs, and dance, and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Gilderoy.*

AH! Chloris, could I now but ſit,
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happineſs nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,

I little thought that riſing fire
Would take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſt:
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;
To make a beauty, ſhe.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

TUNE,—*Gramachree.*

ONE morning, very early, one morning in the ſpring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did ſing;
Her chains ſhe rattled on her hands, while ſweetly
thus ſung ſhe,
I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who ſent my love to ſea;
And cruel cruel was the ſhip that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents, ſince they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

O! ſhould it pleaſe the pitying pow'rs to call me to the ſkies,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy ſhould I be!
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

I'll make a ſtrawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roſes, lilies, daiſies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll preſent it to my love, when he returns from ſea,
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breaſt;
Or if I were a nightingale, to ſing my love to reſt;
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward ſhould be;
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were an eagle, to ſoar into the ſky,
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might ſpy;

But ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er
ſhall ſee,
Yet I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn!
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When naething can pleaſe me:
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me, &c.
Now dowie I ſigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.
Thro' the wood, laddie, thro' the wood, laddie,
Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,
Thro' the wood, laddie;
Now dowie I ſigh, &c.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
Thro' the wood, &c.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning:
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander myſel'.
Thro' the wood, &c.

Then ſtay my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing,
and play. Thro' the wood, &c.

THRO' THE WOOD, LASSIE.

O NELLY! no longer thy Sandy now mourn,
Let muſic and pleaſure
Abound, without meaſure,
Let muſic and pleaſure, &c.
O'er hillocks, or mountains, or low in the burn,
Or, thro' the wood, laſſie, until thou return,
Thro' the wood laſſie, thro' the wood, laſſie,
Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,
Thro' the wood, laſſie:
O'er hillocks, or mountains, &c.

Since I have been abſent from thee, my dear Nell,
No content, no delight,
Have I known day or night,
The murmuring ſtream, and the hill's echo, tell,
How thro' the wood, laſſie, I breath'd my ſad knell.
Thro' the wood, &c.

And now to all ſorrow I'll bid full adieu,
And, with joy, like a dove,
I'll return to my love;

The maxim of loving in truth let us know,
Then thro' the wood, laſſie, we'll bonnily go,
'Thro' the wood, &c.

Come lads, and come laſſes, be blithſome and gay,
Let your hearts merry be,
And both full of glee:
The Highlands ſhall ring with the joy of the day,
When thro' the wood, happy, we'll dance, ſing,
and play, Thro' the wood, &c.

BLITHE JOCKEY.

My Jockey is the blitheſt lad
That e'er young maid did woo;
When he appears, my heart is glad,
For he is kind and true.
He talks of love whene'er we meet,
His words in rapture flow;
Then tunes his pipe, and ſings ſo ſweet,
I have not pow'r to go.

All other laſſes he forſakes,
And flies to me alone;
At ev'ry fair, or other wakes,
I hear the maidens moan.
He buys me toys and ſweetmeats too,
And ribbans for my hair;
What ſwain was ever half ſo true,
Or half ſo kind and fair?

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
If Jockey is but by;
For I alone am all his care,
Whenever danger's nigh.
He vows to wed next Whitſunday,
And make me bleſt for life;
Can I refuſe, ye maidens, ſay,
To be young Jockey's wife?

SONG.

No Joys can compare
To the hunting of the hare,
In the morning, in the morning, in ſweet and pleaſant weather;
When the beagles they ſurround,
We've a ſport upon the ground,
And ſing tarra, huzza, and ſing tarra, huzza, and ſing tarra,
Brave boys we will hollow.

Then up ſhe ariſe,
And away from us ſhe flies,
O we'll give her, we'll ſend her a thundering hallow;
With horſe and with hound,
We'll pull her courage down,
And ſing tarra, huzza, and ſing tarra, huzza, and ſing tarra,
Brave boys we will follow.

O'er vallies and plains
We will gallop amain
While poor puſs is, poor puſs is away from us ſhe's flying;
But her breath growing ſhort
With the ending of the ſport,
And to loſe us, huzza, and to loſe us, huzza, and to loſe us
In vain ſhe's contriving.

Poor puſs being kill'd
We retire from the field,
To be merry boys, be merry boys, and drive away all ſorrow;
We have nothing for to fear,
But to drive away all care,
And to vaniſh, huzza, and to vaniſh, huzza, and to vaniſh
All thoughts of to-morrow.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've ſeen the ſmiling of fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its bliſſing, kind its careſſing,
But now 'tis fled,——fled far away.

I've ſeen the foreſt adorned the foremoſt,
With flowers of the faireſt, moſt pleaſant and gay,
Sae bonny was their blooming, their ſcent the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've ſeen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempeſts ſtorming before the mid-day.
I've ſeen Tweed's ſilver ſtreams ſhining in ſunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel ſporting?
O why ſtill perplex us, poor ſons of a day?
Nae mair your ſmiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the foreſt are withered away.

A NEW MASON's SONG.

How glorious their virtue, who nobly contrive
The means to keep freedom and friendſhip alive;
Who, firmly united, in harmony ſing,
Whoſe hearts are true blue to their country and king!
All Maſons are ſuch! hear the trumpet of Fame!
Our Order is happy, and glorious the name.

Let poor thoughtleſs wretches repair to a club,
Get liquor, get drunk, and perhaps get a drub;
We ne'er let ſuch fools our ſociety join,
For love and good-will crown each glaſs of our wine.
You ne'er hear one Maſon another defame;
Our Order is happy, &c.

The rules we adhere to are loyal and right,
A Maſon's a patriot, to ſpeak or to fight:
How bleſt were Great Britain to combat her foes,
If all knew as much as a Free Maſon knows.

To all ſocial virtue we juſtly lay claim!
Our Order is happy, &c.

The ladies confeſs, with a ſatisfy'd air,
That none like a Maſon is form'd for the fair;
A whiſper, a look, and ſome moments chit-chat,
Soon brings an agreement, and love, and all that:
Each beauty's convinc'd that ſincere is our flame,
Our Order is happy, &c.

Old time our ſociety's worth ſhall enrol,
And Maſons be honour'd from pole unto pole:
Now raiſe up your voices, and chearful ſing,
Succeſs to all Maſons, and God ſave the King.
As ſpotleſs as ſnow is our ſtory in fame;
Our order is happy, and glorious the name.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THE ſpring times returns and clothes the green plains;
And Alloa ſhines more chearrul and gay;
The larks tunes his throat; and the neighbouring ſwains
Sing merrily round me, where ever I ſtray:
But Sandy no more returns to my view;
No ſpring time me chears, no muſic can charm;
He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever adieu!
Adeu ev'ry pleaſure this boſom can warm!

O Alloa Houſe! how much art thou chang'd!
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove!

Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to pleaſe me my Sandy once ſtrove!
Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
Here liſten'd too fond, whenever you ſung;
Am I grown leſs fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?
Or fooliſh, believ'd a falſe, flattering tongue?

So ſpoke the fair maid; when ſorrow's keen pain,
And ſhame, her laſt fault'ring accents ſuppreſt;
For fate at that moment brought back her dear
ſwain,
Who heard, and, with raptures, his Nelly addreſt,
My Nelly! my fair! I come; O my love;
No pow'r ſhall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! no more thy fond Shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy
charms.

She heard; and new joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame,
And will you, my love! be true! ſhe reply'd.
And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the ſame?
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu! to all ſorrow; what ſoul is ſo blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you?

SONG.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me!
Send ah! ſend the youth I love!

Deign, O Cupid! to direct me;
Lead me to the myrtle-grove.
Bear my ſighs, ſoft floating air!
Say, I love him to deſpair;
Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wiſh to live.

Mid ſecluded dells I'll wander,
Silent as the ſhades of night,
Near ſome bubbling rill's meander,
Where he oft has bleſt my ſight;
There to weep the night away,
There to waſte in the ſighs the day,
Think, fond youth, what vows you ſwore,
And muſt I never ſee thee more,

Then recluſe ſhall be my dwelling;
Deep in ſome ſequeſter'd vale;
There, with mournful cadence ſwelling,
Oft repeat my love-ſick tale:
And the Lark and Philomel
Oft ſhall hear a virgin tell,
What's the pain, to bid adieu
To joy, to happineſs, and you!

THE JOLLY MILLER.

THERE was a jolly Miller onee,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd, and ſung, from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;

And this the burden of his ſong
And ever us'd to be,
I care for no-body, no, not I,
If no-body cares for me.

A noble Lord, that liv'd hard by,
Sent for this Miller one day,
And aſk'd him various queſtions,
And amongſt the reſt did ſay,
How comes it, Miller, that, ev'ry day,
You ſing ſo full of glee?
Quoth Ralph, I care for no-body,
If no-body cares for me.

Are you always thus contented?
To him the Lord did ſay;
Ay, that I am, more happy, quoth Ralph,
Than folks that live more gay;
No worldly cares diſturb my breaſt,
My wife and I agree;
I care for no-body, &c.

The reaſon of your happineſs
I would be glad to know;
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell your Lordſhip
Part of it before you go;
I pay my rent at quarter-day,
My mind is ever free;
I care for no-body, &c.

Thrice happy thou, who thus content
Can ever merry be;

My whole eſtate I'd freely give
To be as content as thee.
Ralph ſmiling, ſhook his head, and ſaid,
My Lord, that cannot be,
Your Lordſhip cares for ſomebody,
And ſomebody cares for thee.

How can you ſay ſo, good Miller,
I pray thee tell to me,
And if you rightly me inſtruct,
Ten thouſand ſhall be your fee;
This ſum I'll give, as ſure's I live
Immediately unto thee,
When I can ſay, oh! happy day,
I care for no-body.

Quoth Ralph, your Lordſhip muſt refrain,
Where flattering knaves reſort,
(God bleſs our gracious King and Queen)
I mean that place the Court.
Leave pomp and pageantry aſide,
Be from ambition free;
And then your Lordſhip ſoon may ſing,
I care for no-body.

SONG.

As Damon and Philis were tending their ſheep,
The ſwain on a cock of new hay fell aſleep;
The nymph in a frolic ſtept behind a green oak,
To obſerve how young Damon would ſeem when he woke.

Not long ſhe'd been there e'er the ſwain op'd his eyes,
And not ſeeing Philis was ſtruck with ſurpriſe;
He ſnatch'd up his crook, and ran wild o'er the plain,
And thus he enquir'd of each nymph and ſwain.

Ha' ye ſeen e'er a ſhepherdeſs paſſing this way,
As blyth as the ſpring, and as bright as the day,
In ruſſet apparel, yet grand in her mein,
Reſembling in beauty the fam'd Cyprian queen,

Two lambkins milk-white as her boſom I'll give,
Let me but ſome tidings of Philis receive;
And if ye aſk more, be ſo generous ſwains,
Reſtore me the nymph, ye ſhall kiſs for your pains.

Thus he ſpoke, but no tidings of Philis could hear,
Then back to his flock he return'd in deſpair,
To the oak, when ſhe ſaw him the wanton did go,
And when he came near her, popt out and cry'd Bho!

Both joy and ſurpriſe at once ſtruck the poor ſwain,
Enraptur'd he gaz'd on his Philis again;
He chided a little, ſhe ſmil'd at his care,
So each gave a kiſs and made up the affair.

THE JOYS OF HARVEST.

Now pleaſure unbounded reſounds o'er the plains,
And brightens the ſmiles of the damſels and ſwains,
As they follow the laſt team of harveſt along,
And end all their toils with a dance and a ſong:

Poſſeſs'd of the plenty that bliſſes the year,
And when tempeſts rattle and hurricanes roar,
Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languiſh for more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wiſe,
And uſe every moment of life as it flies;
Gay youth is the ſpring-time which all muſt improve
For ſummer to ripen and harveſt to love;
Our hearts then a provident care ſhould engage,
To lay friendſhip in ſtore for the winter of age,
Whoſe frowns ſhall diſarm ev'n Chloe's bright eye,
Damp the flame in my boſom, and pall ev'ry joy.

GREEN GROWS THE RASHES.

PEGGY.

My Jockie blyth, for what thou'ſt done,
There is nae help nor mending:
For thou haſt jog'd me out of tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My mither ſees a change on me,
For my complexion daſhes,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the raſhes.

JOCKIE.

My Peggy what I've ſaid I'll do,
To free thee from her ſcouling:
Come, then, and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling:

For her content I'll inſtant wed,
Since thy complexion daſhes;
And then we'll try a feather bed,
'Tis ſafter than the raſhes.

PEGY.

Then Jockie, ſince thy love's ſo true,
Let mither ſcoul I'm eaſy;
Sae lang's I live I ne'er ſhall rue
For what I've done to pleaſe thee;
And there's my hand I'll ne'er complain
Oh! well's me on the raſhes:
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again
And a fig for a' their claſhes.

SONG.

If love's a ſweet paſſion, how can it torment!
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known:
But, oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
When, in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field

SONG.

When firſt ſimple Stephon perceived that his heart,
Was touch'd by young Cupid's invincible dart,
Tho' urg'd by his paſſion the nymph to purſue,
His courage cou'd only ſay, how do you do?

But finding love's fire to burn very ſtrong,
And hoping her heart would be touch'd e'er 'twas long,
With a bow and a ſmile he began ſtrait to woo,
And ſeizing her hand, cry'd, my dear, how d'ye do?

Obſerving this freedom not taken amiſs,
He ventur'd her lips to ſalute with a kiſs,
Then vow'd that ſuch pleaſure before he ne'er knew,
And kiſs'd her again, with a how do you do?

Grown bold with ſucceſs, he then begg'd of the fair
To take a walk with him, it matters not where;
When, ſomehow or other, 'tis certainly true,
He tickled her heart, with a how do you do?

Well pleas'd with the frolic, they every day,
Paſt their time in repeating the amorous play;
But when he's too faint the ſoft ſport to renew,
She archly will cry out, pray how do you do?

Take hint all ye youths who now ſuffer love's ſmart,
With courage purſue, if you'd gain the nymph's heart,
By ſighing and whining you'll ne'er bring them too.
Then briſkly advance, with a how do you do?

SONG.

My Jamie is croſſed quite over the main,
And I fear I ne'er ſhall behold him again.
Ye powers above grant me but his charms,
And ſend my Jamie ſafe into my arms.

Ye pretty little warblers that ſing thro' the grove,
Convey me this letter to the arms of my love,
To eaſe my fond heart; with all ſorrows I'm poſſeſt.
I'm weary of roving, and can't take no reſt.

It's down in yonder valley I'll build him a cave,
The ſweeteſt of jewels my Jamie ſhall have;
With pinks and ſweet violets I'll make him a bed,
And a garland of roſes to crown Jamie's head.

All this I'll go thro' for my ſweet Jamie's ſake.
I'll be guardian unto him till he does awake.
When day-light appears, we will merrily ſing,
Here's a health to young Jamie, and long live the king.

SONG.

COME, and laugh, and ſing with me;
Now's the time for mirth and glee:
Cupid is the theme of glory;
He's the god moſt fam'd in ſtory.
All muſt yield to Cupid's laws,
Law! a ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
All muſt yield to Cupid's laws,
Law! a ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Law! a ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! hah! ha!

Over the grave, and over the gay,
Cupid takes his ſhare of play;
He makes heroes quit their glory:
He's the the god moſt fam'd in ſtory.
Bending them unto his laws, &c.

Sly the archer deals his darts;
Without piety pierce their hearts:
Cupid triumphs over paſſion;
Not regarding mode nor faſhion.
All muſt yield to Cupid's laws, &c.

You may doubt, but it is true;
It is fact, 'twixt me and you.
Then young men and maids be wary,
How you meet before you marry.
All muſt yield to Cupid's laws, &c.

WHEEL OF LIFE.

THE wheel of life is turning quickly round,
And nothing in this world of certainty is found;
The midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out;
Good-lack! good-lack! how things are wheel'd about!

Some few aloft on Fortune's wheel do go,
And as they mount up high, ſome others tumble low;
In this we all agree, that fate at firſt did will,
That this great wheel ſhould never once ſtand ſtill.

The courtier turns to gain his private ends,
Till he's ſo giddy grown, he quite forgets his friends;
Proſperity oft-times deceives the proud and vain,
And wheels about ſo faſt, it turns them out again.

Some turns to this, to that, and ev'ry way,
And cheat and ſcrape for what can't purchaſe one poor day;
But this is far beneath the gen'rous-hearted man,
Who lives, and makes the moſt of life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about in life's ſhort farce,
Till we at laſt are wheel'd off in a rumbling hearſe.
The mid-wife wheels us in, and death wheels us out:
Good-lack! good-lack! how things are wheel'd about.

THE CARELESS LOVER.

THE women all tell me, I'm falſe to my laſs,
That I quit my poor Chloe, and ſtick to my glaſs;
But to you men of reaſon, my reaſons I'll own,
And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
I believe ſhe was good, and I'm ſure ſhe was fair;
But goodneſs and charms in a bumper I ſee,
That make it as good and as charming as ſhe.

My Chloe had dimples and ſmiles I muſt own;
And tho' ſhe could ſmile, yet in truth ſhe could frown;
But tell me ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er ſee a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lillis and roſes were juſt in their prime,
Yet lillies and roſes are conquer'd by time;
But in wine, from its age ſuch a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's inſipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thrifty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and hiſtory, prove
The miſchief that wait upon rivals in love;

But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends,
The more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poiſon'd the joys of my life,
With nurſes, and babies, and ſqualing and ſtrife;
But my wine neither nurſes nor babies can bring,
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We ſhorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diſeaſes, and haſtens old age;
But wine from grim death can its votaries ſave,
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps like her ſex, ever falſe to her word,
She had left me, to get an eſtate or a lord;
But my bumper, (regarding not title or palf)
Will ſtand by me when I can't ſtand by myſelf.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I ſpy;
Should you doubt what I ſay, take a bumper and try.

SONG.

My fond ſhepherds of late were ſo bleſt,
Their fair nymphs were ſo happy and gay,
That each night they went ſaftly to reſt,
And they merrily ſung thro' the day:
But ah! what a ſcene muſt appear!
Muſt the ſweet rural paſtimes be o'er?

Shall the tabor no more ſtrike the ear?
Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Muſt the flocks from their paſtures be led?
Muſt the herds go wild ſtraying abroad?
Shall the looms be all ſtopt in each ſhed,
And the ſhips be all moor'd in each road?
Muſt the arts be all ſcatter'd abroad,
And ſhall commerce grow ſick of the tide?
Muſt religion expire on the ground,
And ſhall virtue ſink down by her ſide?

HOPE.

My banks are all furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmer invites one to ſleep;
My grottoes are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with ſheep:
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear;
She'll ſay 'twas a barbarous deed,
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:

I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue,
Such tenderneſs, &c.

But where does my Phillida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine,
But their love is not equal to mine.

THE NEW SPINNING WHEEL.

ONE ſummer eve, as Nancy fair,
Sat ſpinning in the ſhade,
While ſoaring ſky-larks ſhook the air,
In warbling o'er her head:
In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd;
(Love's impuſe all muſt feel)
She ſung, but ſtill her work purſu'd,
And turn'd her ſpinning-wheel.

"While thus I work with rock and reel,
"So life by time is ſpun;
"And as runs round my ſpinning-wheel,
"The world runs up and down:
"Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
"While I no changes feel,

" But get my bread by ſweat of brow,
" And turn my ſpinning-wheel.

" From me let men and women too,
" This home-ſpun leſſon learn,
" Not mind what other people do,
" But eat the bread they earn:
" If none were fed (were that to be)
" But what deſerv'd a meal,
" Some ladies then as well as me,
" Muſt turn the ſpinning-wheel."

The rural toaſt, with ſweeteſt tone,
Thus ſung her witleſs ſtrain,
When o'er the lawn limp'd gammar Joan,
And brought home Nancy's ſwain:
" Come," cries the dame, " Nancy here's thy ſpouſe,
" Away throw rock and reel:"
Blyth Nancy, with the bonny news,
O'erſet her ſpinning-wheel.

SONG.

Since pleaſure's in faſhion, and life's but a jeſt,
In ſpite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the beſt;
Let the dull, who repute it a weakneſs to ſmile,
Arraign my opinion, my morals revile.
While I know that my boſom is free from a flaw,
I'll keep up the chorus of Ha-ha-ha-ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,
No rivet ſhall cloſe up my freedom of ſoul;

If care, or ill nature, ſhould come in my reach,
And, foaming with rage, like a Methodiſt preach,
While I know that my boſom is free from a flaw,
I'll trip up their heels, and cry, Ha-ha-ha-ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,
Mirth, play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;
But ſweeter the muſic will float in the air,
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there:
She, knowing my boſom's quite free from a flaw,
Will join the ſweet tune of love's Ha-ha-ha-ha.

I'll laugh thro' the world, in defiance of ſtrife,
For laughter's an oil to the ſallad of life;
I'll make daddy Time, as he paſſes in haſte,
Look over his ſhoulder, and long for a taſte.
Then, friends, while your boſoms are free from a flaw,
Swell round the gay chorus of Ha-ha-ha-ha.

SONG.

Ye Fair ones of Britain, from Charlotte to Nan,
Young, old, high and low from the rear to the van,
Who covet ſoft wedlock for life's little ſpan,
Attend, and I'll teach you, tho' chequer'd's the plan,
A leſſon worth learning for chuſing a man,
A leſſon worth learning for chuſing a man.

Beware of the Fop and the Petit Maitre,
With button and loop, and well powder'd hair,
Tho' he'll ſigh and he'll ſob, proteſt and declare

He loves and admires you beyond all the fair,
He's in love with himſelf, ſo no love you can ſhare.

Avoid the Platonic, ſhun the Ganymede,
One's known by grimace, and the other you'll read,
By nature's ſtrong lines on his viſage decreed;
They're petrify'd hearts that ne'er flutter or bleed,
Your purſe, not your perſon, is what they moſt heed.

With him who in dreſs takes but decent delight,
Has wit and diſcretion to judge wrong from right,
Tho' he's tenderly rude, with him ſoon unite,
In Hymen's ſoft fetters, ſo trim and and ſo light,
And revel in raptures all day and all night.

SALLY.

Ye ſhepherds that watch on the plain,
Allow me a play-day to keep;
Ah! can you deny the poor ſwain,
Who never deſerted his ſheep!

It is my fair Sally's requeſt,
To-day I wou'd pipe in the grove;
Was ever fond ſhepherd ſo bleſt,
So kindly invited to love!

With care I have prun'd all my trees,
My fountains are limpid and clear;
My banks I have furniſh'd with bees,
Below ſoftly murmurs the Wear.

No weeds in my grove can be ſeen,
  But daiſies, and roſe-buds ſo ſweet,
For Sally at leiſure to glean,
  Ah! ſure ſhe muſt think it is neat!

'Tis muſic delights the fair maid,
  Hark! muſic deſcends from each buſh!
The lilac's the linnet's ſweet ſhade,
  The hawthorn's the ſeat of the thruſh.

How will it tranſport her to ſee,
  The freedom that reigns in the grove!
"How happy, dear ſongſters are ye!
  Have oft been the words of my love.

Farewell! oh ye ſhepherds and ſwains!
  'Tis Sally who calls me away;
Adieu! my lov'd ſheep on the plains!
  Take heed how ye wander aſtray.

'Tis kind, oh! ye ſhepherds, to ſigh,
  My flocks, it is tender to bleat!
Ah! cruel 'twou'd be to deny,
  Your Colin his Sally to meet!

THE BERWICK FISHERY.—A NEW SONG.

TUNE,—*There was a jovial Beggar.*

YE lovers of your freedom,
  Your country and your King,
To keep all three from danger,
  O! liſten whilſt I ſing,

How a fiſhing we muſt go, muſt go, muſt go,
How a fiſhing we muſt go.

And ye who, friends to Britain,
Wou'd fain crub Holland and France,
Attend and I'll inſtruct ye,
Our welfare to advance.
When a fiſhing we do go, &c.

The people now are groaning
Beneath a heavy debt,
And will be ſoon a bankrupt,
Unleſs we caſt the net,
Then a fiſhing let us go, &c.

For food, whilſt other nations
Upon their fields rely;
To us the Tweed's rich boſom,
A harveſt can ſupply,
Then a fiſhing let us go, &c.

The ocean lying round,
If we this trade purſue,
Will yield us wealth ſurpaſſing
The treaſures of Peru,
So a fiſhing we will go, &c.

Then all with empty pockets,
Who nothing have to do,
Come liſt beneath our ſtandard,
We'll cut out work for you,
And a fiſhing we will go, &c.

The ropes, nets, and fiſhing ſmacks,
Will multitudes employ;
Increaſe of manufactures,
Fill every heart with joy,
When a fiſhing we do go, &c.

Let none think meanly on us,
Or the profeſſion ſhun;
A fiſherman is noble,
St Peter he was one.
So a fiſhing we will go, &c.

SONG.

HITHER haſte ye nymphs and ſwains,
Leave your flocks and quit the plains;
Friends to country, or to court,
Nothing here ſhall ſpoil your ſport;
Ever welcome to our chear,
Welcome ev'ry friend that's here.

Sprightly widows, come away,
Laughing dames and virgins gay;
Little pretty fluttering miſſes,
Smiling hopes of future bliſſes.
Ever welcome to our feaſts.
Welcome dear delightful gueſts.

Be it peace, or be it war,
Both, or either, I don't care;

Pray thee, Colin, what have you
Or I with peace or war to do.
Ever welcome to our chear,
Welcome, welcome all friends here.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Wine inspiring, beauties warming;
Rage and war and party dies,
Peace returns, and discord flies,
Emblem of the joys above,
Welcome rapture, welcome love.

SONG.

Tell, me, lovely shepherd, where
Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care;
Direct me to the sweet retreat
That guards thee from the mid-day heat;
Lest by thy flocks I lonely stray,
Without a guide, and lose my way:
Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

SOMETHING ELSE TO DO.

The sun was sleeping in the main,
Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
When Colin turn'd his team to rest,
And sought the lass he lov'd the best.
As tow'rd her cote he jogg'd along,
Her name was frequent in his song:

But when his errand Dolly knew,
She vow'd ſhe'd ſomething elſe to do.

He ſwore he did eſteem her more
Than any maid he'd ſeen before,
In tender ſighs proteſting, he
Would conſtant as the turtle be;
Talk'd much of death, ſhou'd ſhe refuſe,
And us'd ſuch arts as lovers uſe:
'Tis fine, ſays Doll, if 'tis but true,
But now I've ſomething elſe to do.

Her pride then Colin thus addreſt,
Forgive me Doll, I did but jeſt;
To her that's kind I'll conſtant prove;
But, truſt me, I'll ne'er die for love.
Tho' firſt ſhe did his courtſhip ſcorn,
Now Doll began to court in turn;
Dear Colin, I was jeſting too,
Step in, I've nothing elſe to do.

SONG.

As I went forth to view the ſpring,
Which Flora had adorned
In raiment fair; now every thing
The rage of winter ſcorned;
I caſt mine eye, and did eſpy
A youth, who made great clamor;
And drawing nigh I heard him cry,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breaſt he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful ſong
With ſighs he did deliver;
Ah! Jenny's face has comely grace,
Her looks that ſhine like lamer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets ſheen,
The morning ſun outſhining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And make me die with pining,
Durſt I complain, Nature's to blame,
So curiouſly to frame her,
Whoſe beauties rare, make me, with care,
Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye chriſtal ſtreams that ſwiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her ſcorning;
Let every tree a witneſs be,
How juſtly I may blame her;
Ye chanting birds, note theſe my words,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had ſhe been kind as ſhe was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tired.

Thus ſaid, his breath began to fail,
He could not ſpeak but ſtammer;
He ſigh'd full ſore, and ſaid no more,
But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I obſerv'd him near to death,
I run in haſte to ſave him,
But quickly he reſign'd his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her ſake this vow I'll make,
My tongue ſhall ay defame her,
While on his herſe I'll write this verſe,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I conſider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found, though Cupid he be blind,
He proves in pith moſt mighty.
For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his hammer,
Did ever prove the ſlaves of love;
For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may ſee th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments brake aſunder:
Nor wife nor fool need go to ſchool
To learn this from his grammar;
His heart's the book where he's to look
For *omnia vincit amor*.

SONGS IN HARLEQUIN's INVASION,

PART THE FIRST.

To arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!
The road to renown lies before you!
The name of King Shakeſpeare has charms
To rouſe ye to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!
'Tis Nature calls on ye to ſave her;
What man but would nature obey,
And fight for her Shakeſpeare for ever?

PART THE SECOND.

OLD Women we are,
And as wiſe in the chair,
As fit for the quorum as men;
We can ſcoul on the bench,
Or examine a wench,
And like them can be wrong now and then.

CHORUS.

For look the world thro'
And you'll find one in ten,
Old women can do
As much as old men.

We can hear a ſad caſe,
With a no-meaning face,

And tho' ſhallow, yet ſeem to be deep:
Leave all to the clerk;
For when matters grow dark,
Their worſhips had better go ſleep.
For look the world thro, &c.

When our wiſdom is taſk'd,
And hard queſtions are aſk'd,
We'll anſwer them beſt with a ſnore:
We can mump a tid bit,
And can joke without wit,
And what can their worſhips do more?
For look the world thro', &c.

PART THE THIRD.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakeſpeare charm'd!
More happy the boſoms his genius has warm'd!
Ye children of nature, of faſhion, and whim!
He painted you all, all join to praiſe him.

CHORUS.

Come away! come away!
His genius calls—you muſt obey!

From higheſt to loweſt, from old to the young,
All ſtates and conditions by him have been ſung;
All paſſions and humours were raiſed by his pen;
He could ſoar with the eagle, and ſing with the wren,
Come away, &c.

To praiſe him, ye fairies, and genii repair;
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:
No phantom ſo ſubtle could glid from his view,
The wings of his fancy were ſwifter than you.
Come away, &c.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Roaſt beef of Old England.*

BRAVE lads, take your nets, heave them into the main;
Sink deep in its boſom, and thence treaſures drain,
May raiſe us a fleet, to chaſtiſe France and Spain.
O pickled herrings of Britain!
And O Britiſh pickled herrings!

Whilſt, ſlothful, the landman till noon ſnoring lies,
What glory is yours, who with Phœbus will riſe,
Mid rains, and mid tempeſts, to haul up your prize!
O pickled herrings of Britain, &c.

Not ſlaves, like the Spaniards, who dig in Peru,
A body of tars will be choſe out of you,
Bold hearts to defend us, to freedom true blue.
O pickled herrings, &c.

When Jove form'd theſe globes, and had ſcoop'd out our iſle,
He o'er it ſhed plenty; then ſaid with a ſmile,
"Trade its ſons will enrich, if on ocean they toil,
O pickled herrings, &c.

" Elſe vain wou'd their induſtry be on the land;
" A pray to invaders they cou'd not withſtand.
" The world will be his, who the ſea ſhall command."
O pickled herrings, &c.

To make us great, powerful, wealthy and free,
All arts muſt aſſiſt, and all callings agree;
Our ploughmen at land, with our ploughmen at ſea.
O pickled herrings, &c.

The praiſe, due to fiſhermen, who cou'd repeat?
With them fam'd Elizabeth mann'd a ſtout fleet,
Which gave Spain's armada a total defeat.
O pickled herrings, &c.

See a foreſt of buſs-maſts o'erſhadowing our coaſt,
French, Dutch, Swedes, and Danes, have our fiſh'ries engroſs'd!
They trumpet our folly, and their own wiſdom boaſt.
O pickled herrings, &c.

Your toil, (my good lads,) with rewards will be crown'd,
And at Shetland we'll meet, e'er the ſummer comes round:
In the mean time all Europe will ring with this ſound,
O pickled herrings of Britain!
And O Britiſh pickled herrings!

SONG.

COME my jolly briſk boys, lay your hop-poles aſide,
Each lad take his cann and his wench;
Old England now ſails with the wind and the tide,
To rouze us, and down with the French.

What's he that preſides at the court of Verſailles,
To the planter that ſits on his bench?
Huzza, for your hopes, your ſtout beer, and good ales,
Down with the French wine, and the French!

Inſpir'd by ſuch martial, ſtrong liquors as theſe,
Our thirſt for revenge we will quench;
Our ſov'reign, our ſailors, our ſhips, and our ſeas,
Are united to down with the French.

Tho' void of all weapons, of guns, and of ſwords,
While his fiſt a brave Briton can clench;
We will ſway by the weapons which nature affords,
'Gainſt the arts and the arms of the French!

Our ports, like our hearts, ſhall be open and free,
We ſcorn for to fly, or intrench;
Take your liquor my bucks, take your liquor with glee,
Down with that, and then down with the French;

SONG.

SPRING renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey;
In each creature we may see
The effect of love's decree:
This their state,
Such their fate;
No not Molly be too late.

Look around and see them play,
All are wanton while they may;
Why should precious time be lost,
After summer comes a frost:
All pursue
Nature's due;
Let us, Molly, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing,
Herds in ev'ry meadow lowing,
Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing,
Turtles all around us cooing:
Hark! they coo,
See! they woo;
Let us, Molly, do so too.

Mark! how kind yon swain and lass,
Yonder sitting on the grass,
See how earnestly he sues,
While she, blushing, can't refuse;

See! yon two,
How they woo;
Let us, Molly, do ſo too.

Mark! that cloud above the pain,
See! it ſeems to threaten rain;
Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking ſhelter from the weather;
Fear not you,
I'll be true:
Let us therefore, do ſo too.

SONG.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
Whoſe fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
Of beauty is bleſs'd with ſo ample a ſhare,
That men call her the laſs with the delicate air,

One ev'ning laſt May as I travers'd the grove
In thoughtleſs retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanc'd to eſpy the gay nymph I declare,
And realy ſhe'd got a moſt delicate air.

By murmuring brook, on a green moſſy bed,
A chaplet compoſing, the fair one was laid;
Surpriz'd and tranſported, I could not forbear,
With raptures, to gaze on her delicate air,

For that moment young Cupid ſelected a dart,
And pierc'd without pity my innocent heart;

And from thence how to gain the dear maid was my care;
For captive I fell to her delicate air.

When ſhe ſaw me ſhe bluſh'd, and complain'd I was rude,
And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude;
I anſwer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air.

Said her heart was the prize which I ſought to obtain,
And hop'd that ſhe'd give it to eaſe my fond pain.
She neither rejected nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my ſoul with her delicate air.

A thouſand times o'er I've repeat'd my ſuit,
But ſtill the tormentor affects to be mute;
Then, tell me ye ſwains who have conquered the fair,
How to win the dear laſs with the delicate air.

SONG.

When morn her ſweets ſhall firſt unfold,
And paint the fleecy clouds with gold;
On tufted green, O! let me play,
And welcome up the jocund day.
Wak'd by the gentle voice of love;
Ariſe my fair, ariſe and prove,
The dear delights fond lovers know;
The beſt of bleſſings here below,
The beſt of bleſſings here below.

To ſome clear river's verdant ſide,
Do thou my happy footſteps guide:
In concert with the purling ſtream
We'll ſing, and love ſhall be the theme.
E'er night aſſumes her gloomy reign,
When ſhadows lengthen o'er the plain;
We'll to yon myrtle grove repair,
For peace and pleaſure waits us there.

The laughing god there keeps his court,
And little loves inceſſant ſport,
Around the winning graces wait,
And calm contentment guards the ſeat:
There loſt in extaſies of joy,
While tendereſt ſcenes our thoughts employ,
We'll bleſs the hour our loves begun,
The happy moment made us one.

SONG.

At the cloſe of the day, on the banks of the Tweed,
Where ſweet-ſmelling odours perfume the gay mead;
Fair Flora! I cry'd, attend my requeſt,
And bring me a poſey for dear Chloe's breaſt.

The goddeſs, attentive, my ſummons obey'd,
And brought me a noſegay—O take it! ſhe ſaid,
Haſte, haſte, and preſent it to Chloe the fair,
With wings ſwift as thought to the charmer repair.

Each flower appear'd in the loveliest array,
And ſtrove which ſhou'd moſt its bright beauties
diſplay:
The jeſs'mine and vi'let, the lilly and roſe,
In fragrance delightful their ſweets did diſcloſe.

I preſented the gift, which the fair did approve,
And receiv'd it with joy as a proof of my love:
Then ſighing, ſhe kindly expreſs'd her delight,
And ſhe gave me her heart my pains to requite.

Dear Chloe, ſaid I, what an emblem is here!
Tho' your beauty like theſe in its bloom does appear;
Yet like theſe it is frail, and will ſoon paſs away;
But virtue's the flower which ne'er will decay!

WHAT's THAT TO YOU.

TUNE,—*The glancing of her Apron.*

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-lang ſummer day,
'Till we, amaiſt, were ſpoil'd
At making of the hay:
Her churchy was of Holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow,
I whiſper'd ſomething in her ear;
But what's that to you?

Her ſtockings were of kerſy green,
As tight as ony ſilk:
O ſick a leg was never ſeen,
Her ſkin was white as milk:

Her hair was black as ane cou'd wiſh,
And ſweet, ſweet was her mou':
Oh! Jeany daintily can kiſs;
But what's that to you?

The roſe and lilly baith combine,
To make my Jeany fair,
There is nae beniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae care;
Only I fear my Jeany's face,
May cauſe mae men to rue.
And that may gar me ſay, Alas!
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties, if thou can
Hide that ſweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys theſe looks divine.
O do not proſtitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart ſhall ſwear,
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliſs mair true,
His joys were ſhort of mine;
And Jeany's happier than they,
She ſeldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I pay,
And what's that to you?

SONG.

ALL hail to the day that merits more praiſe,
Than all other days in the year;
And bleſs'd be the night that giveth delight;
To the poor man as well as the peer.
May good fortune attend every honeſt man's friend,
That does the beſt that he may:
Forgetting all wrong, in a cup, and a ſong,
We'll drive the cold winter away.

Let miſery pack, and a whip at her back,
Down, down the Tartarian flood;
And let envy be drown'd in a river profound,
He that envies another man's good.
May ſorrows expence, come a thouſand years hence,
In payments of a long delay,
For we'll ſpend the whole night in an honeſt delight,
Juſt to drive the cold winter away.

The courtiers of ſtate ſets open their gate,
And bids a free welcome to moſt,
The city likewiſe, tho' ſomething preciſe,
Does not fail for to bring for a roaſt.
But by all report both of city and court,
In the country we bear the ſway,
Our money is ſpent with a better intent
When to drive the cold winter away.

Now let each individual, ſhake hands with a grace,
May friendſhip's firm ties ever bind

The honeſt man's hand, and the honeſt man's heart,
May his temples with olives be twin'd.
From henceforth let knaves be chain'd to deep graves,
For an honeſt man will bear the ſway,
His money is ſpent with a noble intent,
When to drown the fatigues of the day,
And to drive the cold winter away.

SONG.

THO' my dreſs and my manners is ſimple and plain,
A raſcal I hate, and a knave I diſdain;
My dealings are juſt, and my conſcience is clear,
And I'm richer than thoſe who have thouſands a-year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for ſporting uncouth,
I feel no remorſe for the follies of youth:
I ſtill tell my tale, and rejoice in my ſong,
And my boys think my age not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, thoſe dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honeſt I prize—and that title's my own.

SONG.

BY Pinky-houſe oft let me walk,
While circled in my arms,

I hear my Nelly ſweetly talk,
And gaze o'er all her charms;
O let me ever fond behold
Thoſe graces void of art!
Thoſe chearful ſmiles that ſweetly hold
In willing chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring a-new
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulneſs of air, in you,
By Nature's hand deſign'd:
That beauty, like the bluſhing roſe,
Firſt lighted up this flame;
Which, like the ſun, for ever glows
Within my breaſt the ſame!

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How ſeldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O! gather from my Nelly's charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe;
That bluſhing modeſty that warms;
That native art to pleaſe?

Come then, my love! O come along!
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inſpirer of my ſong
O fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, ſo bright as thine,

So heav'nly fair, both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine!

TIME ENOUGH YET.

A Term full as long as the ſiege of old Troy,
To win a ſweet girl I my time did employ;
Oft urg'd her the day of our marriage to ſet,
As often ſhe anſwer'd, 'tis time enough yet,
Time enough yet, 'tis time enough yet,
As often ſhe anſwer'd, 'tis time enough yet.

I told her, at laſt, that her paſſions were wrong,
And more, that I ſcorn'd to be fool'd with ſo long:
She burſt out a laughing at ſeeing me fret,
And humming a tune, cry'd, 'tis time enough yet,
Time enough yet, &c.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
I flew from her preſence, and bounc'd out of door,
Reſolv'd of her uſage the better to get,
Or on her my eyes again never to ſet,
Never to ſet, &c.

To me the next morning her maid came in haſte,
And begg'd, for God's ſake, I'd forget what was paſt,
Declar'd her young lady did nothing but fret;
I told her, I'd think on't, 'twas time enough yet,
Time enough yet, &c.

She next, in a letter as long as my arm,
Declar'd from her ſoul ſhe intended no harm,

And begg'd I the day of our marriage would ſet;
I wrote her for anſwer, 'tis time enough yet,
Time enough yet, &c.

But that was ſcarce gone when a meſſage I ſent,
To ſhew in my heart I began to relent:
I begg'd I might ſee her; together we met;
We kiſs'd, and were friends again, ſo are we yet,
So are we yet, &c.

THE TIMELY WARNING.

YOUNG Colin once courted Mytlilla the prude,
If he ſigh'd or look'd tender ſhe cried he was rude:
Tho' he begs with devotion, ſome eaſe for his pain,
The ſhepherd got nothing but frowns and diſdain;
Fatigu'd with his folly, his ſuit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female ſhou'd fetter him more.

He ſtrove with all caution to eſcape from the net,
But Chloe ſoon caught him, a finiſh'd coquett.
She glanc'd to his glances, ſhe ſigh'd to his ſighs,
And flatter'd his hopes in the language of eyes,
Alas! for poor Colin, when put to the teſt,
Himſelf and his paſſion prov'd all but a jeſt.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the ſnare,
By Fanny gay young unaffected and fair; [part,
When ſhe found he had merit, and Love took his
She dally'd no longer but yielded her heart,
With joy they ſubmitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy as happy can be.

As the roſe-bud of beauty ſoon ſickens and fades
The prude and coquett are two ſlighted old maids,
Now their ſweets are all waſted, too late they repent
For tranſport untaſted, for moments miſpent;
Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

MAY IS THE MOTHER OF LOVE.

THE Virgin when ſoften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vow,
The birds ſweet bill on every ſpray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida-bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
Shepherds, that live on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.
Hail May &c.

At the weſt, as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zepher careſſes the pine;
The bee ſteals a kiſs from the roſe,
And willows and woodbine entwine;
The pinks by the rivulet's ſide,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downwards to kiſs the ſoft tide,
May, May is the mother of love. Hail May, &c.

May tinges the butterfly's wing;
He flutters in bridal array:

If larks and the ſweet linnets ſing,
Their muſic is taught them by May:
The ſtock-dove recluſe with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliſs in the grove;
And murmuring ſeems to repeat,
May, May is the mother of love. Hail May, &c.

The goddeſs will viſit you ſoon;
Ye virgins, be ſportive and gay;
Get pipes, oh ye ſhepherds in tune,
For muſic muſt welcome the May:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguiſh remove,
Let him tell a ſoft tale and he'll find,
May, May, is the mother of love. Hail May, &c.

SONG.

My goddeſs, Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lilly ſweet, as ſoft as air,
Let looſe thy treſſes, ſpread thy charms,
And to my love give freſh alarms.

O! let me gaze on theſe bright eyes,
Though ſacred light'ning from them flies;
Shew me that ſoft, that modeſt grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambroſia in a kiſs,
That I may rival Jove in bliſs;
That I may mix my ſoul with thine,
And make the pleaſure all divine.

O! bid thy boſom's killing white,
(The milky way is not ſo bright)
Leſt you my raviſh'd ſoul oppreſs
With beauty's pomp and ſweet exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart, the vital blood?
Thou art all over endleſs charms;
O! take me dying to thy arms.

THE MAIDEN'S RESOLUTION.

As Chloe ſat ſhelter'd and breath'd the cool air,
While muſic awaken'd the grove;
Young Damon approach'd and addreſs'd the coy fair,
In all the ſoft language of love:
But ſhe was ſo cruel his ſuit ſhe deny'd,
And laugh'd as he told her his pain;
And while the poor ſhepherd ſat wooing, ſhe cry'd,
I will die a maid, my dear ſwain.

Oh! what, ſays the ſwain, muſt thy beauty ſo gay,
Perplex us at once and invite?
Embrace ev'ry rapture, leſt time make a prey,
Of that which was meant for delight.
When age has crept round, and thy charms wrinkl'd o'er,
Then all will my Chloe diſdain;
But ſtill all her anſwer was teaze me no more,
I will die a maid my dear ſwain.

Young Damon proteſted no other he'd prize,
His flame was ſo ſtrong and ſincere;
Then watch'd the emotions that play'd in her eyes,
And baniſh'd his torture and fear.
My joys ſhall be ſecret, enraptur'd he cry'd,
Ah Chloe! be gentle and good;
The fair one grew ſofter, and ſighing reply'd,
I'd fain die a maid—if I cou'd.

SONG.

An thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that ſuck the morning dew
Frae flowers of ſweeteſt ſcent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the uſe of light,
I'd on thy beauties feaſt my ſight,
Syne in ſaft whiſpers through the night
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddeſs o'er the green:

Were I a king, thou ſhou'd be queen,
Nane but myſell aboon thee.
An thou were, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay,
O! let na ſcorn undo thee.
An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk ſmile thou ſhalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, &c.

LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY.

Let us fill the circling glaſs,
Under this wide ſpreading tree,
Pledge me now each lad and laſs,
To love and opportunity.

Who the toaſt refuſes now
Ne'er ſhall ſit again with me,

May he ne'er the pleaſures know,
Of love and opportunity.

Tom, come fill it to the top,
Jenny's glaſs is full you ſee,
Harry do not loſe a drop,
'Tis love and opportunity.

See the liquor ſparkles high,
Jack, we ſoon ſhall all agree,
Down it goes, then by and by,
For love and opportunity.

SONG.

Some how my ſpindle I miſlaid,
And loſt it underneath the graſs;
Damon, advancing, bow'd his head,
And ſaid, what ſeek you, pretty laſs?
A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads too far.

'Twas paſſing nigh yon ſpreading oak,
That I my ſpindle loſt juſt now;
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough.
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;

He talk'd of love, I leapt for joy,
For ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.

COLIN AND PHOEBE.

WHERE the jeſſamin ſweetens the bower,
And cowſlips adorn the gay green,
And the roſes refreſh'd by the ſhower,
Contribute to brighten the ſcene,
In a cottage retirement there lives
Young Colin and Phœbe the fair,
The bleſſings each other receives,
In mutual enjoyment they ſhare.
And the lads and laſſes that dwell on the plain
Sing in praiſe of fair Phœbe, and Colin her ſwain.

The ſweets of contentment ſupply
The ſplendor and grandeur of pride;
No wants can the ſhepherd annoy,
While bleſt with his beautiful bride,
He wiſhes no greater delight
Than to tend on the lambkins by day,
And return to his Phœbe at night,
His innocent toil to repay.
And the lads tell the laſſes, in hopes to prevail,
They're as conſtant as Colin who lives in the vale.

If her lover delighted appears,
The fair one partakes of his bliſs;
If dejected, ſhe ſooths on his cares,
And heals all the pain with a kiſs:

She deſpiſes the artful deceit
That is practis'd in city and court,
And thinks happineſs no where compleat
But where ſhepherds and nymphs do reſort.
And the lads tell the laſſes they die in deſpair,
Unleſs they are kind as Phœbe the fair.

Ye ſwains who're accuſtom'd to rove,
And each innocent fair one betray;
No longer be faithleſs in love
The dictates of honour obey;
Ye nymphs who with beauty are bleſt,
With virtue improve ev'ry grace,
For the charms of the mind, when poſſeſt,
Will dignify thoſe of the face.
And ye lads and ye laſſes, whom Hymen has join'd,
Like Colin be conſtant, like Phœbe be kind.

SONG.

On a primroſy bank by a murmuring ſtream
Paſtora ſat ſinging, and I was her theme,
Whilſt charm'd with her beauty behind a green buſh,
I liſten'd to hear her ſweet tale with a bluſh:
Of all the young ſhepherds that pipe on the reed,
'Tis Damon alone I can fancy in deed;
I tell him I value him not of a ruſh,
Yet ſurely I love him or why do I bluſh;
Yet ſurely I love him or why do I bluſh.

When I went to the grove at the top of a hill,
It was the laſt May—I remember it ſtill,

He brought me a neſt of young linnets quite fluſh,
And I the kind preſent receiv'd with a bluſh,
Whenever he meets me he'll ſimper and ſmile,
I ſeem as I did not obſerve him the while;
He offer'd to kiſs me, I gave him a puſh,
Why can't you be eaſy, I cry'd with a bluſh.
Why can't you, &c.

On Sunday he came to intreat me to walk,
'Twas down in a meadow, of love was our talk:
He call'd me his deareſt—Pray Damon be huſh,
There's ſomebody coming, I cry'd with a bluſh.
My mother ſhe chides when I mention the ſwain,
Forbids me to go to the meadow again;
But ſure for his ſake I will venture a bruſh,
For love him I do, I confeſs with a bluſh.
For love him, &c.

Thus warbled the fair, and my heart leapt for joy,
Tho' little ſhe thought her Damon was nigh,
But chancing to ſpy me behind a green buſh,
She ended her ſong and aroſe up with a bluſh.
N. B. *This laſt verſe to be ſung twice over.*

SONG.

How pleaſant a ſailor's life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the wat'ry main!
No treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his gain.
We're ſtrangers to party and faction,
To honour and honeſty true,

And would not commit a baſe action,
For power or profit in view.
Then why ſhould we quarrel for riches,
Or any ſuch glitt'ring toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes through the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleſſings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding;
Which plenty too often breeds ſtrife,
When terrible tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But ſkilful induſtry ſteers right.
Then why ſhould, &c.

The courtier's more ſubject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the ſtate,
Than we, that to politics ſtrangers,
Eſcape the ſnares laid for the great.
The various bleſſings of nature,
In various nations we try,
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why ſhould, &c.

COLIN AND GRISY PARTING.

TUNE,—*Woes my heart that we ſhou'd ſunder.*

WITH broken words and downcaſt eyes,
Poor Colin ſpoke his paſſion tender,

And parting with his Grisy, cries,
Ah! woes my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder,
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, tho' wer'e oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare
Shall still be present tho' we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me tho' we sunder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again and never sunder.

SONG.

Leave, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to play;
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay:

No day thro' the year ſhall more chearful be ſeen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.
I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be ſo happy, ſo happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be marry'd to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
My body is ſtout, and my heart is as ſound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground. I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of faſhion the beſt jointures wed,
And prudently take the beſt bidders to bed;
Such ſigning and ſealing's no part of our bliſs,
We ſettle our hearts, and we ſeal with a kiſs.
I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaux,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine cloaths,
In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend, or his wife.
I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies ſtill,
Our joys ſhall continue, and ever be new,
And none be ſo happy as Ralph and his Sue.
I love Sue, &c.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
Where hartſome with thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind:
Tho' loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is ſair pain'd;
By eaſe that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jean, maun plead my excuſe;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

SONG.

WHILE others ſtrip the new fall'n ſnow,
And ſteal its fragrance from the roſe,
To dreſs their fancy's queen;
Fain would I ſing, but words are faint,
All muſic's pow'rs too weak to paint,
My Jenny of the green,
My Jenny of the green.

Beneath this elm, beſide this ſtream,
How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
And told my tale unſeen;
While faithful in the lover's cauſe,
The winds would murmur ſoft applauſe
To Jenny of the green.

With joy, my ſoul, reviews the day,
When deck'd in all the pride of May,
She hail'd the Sylvan ſcene;
Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to pleaſe,
Firſt ſtrove to catch the grace and eaſe
Of Jenny of the green.

Then deaf to ev'ry rival's ſigh,
On me ſhe caſt her partial eye,
Nor ſcorn'd my humble mien;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovely hair
Of Jenny of the green.

Thro' all the fairy land of love
I'll ſeek my pretty wand'ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen;
Tho' now ſhe treads ſome diſtant plain,
Tho' far apart, I'll meet again
My Jenny of the green.

But thou, old time, till that bleſs'd night,
That brings her back with ſpeedy flight,
Melt down the hours between;
And when we meet, the loſs repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my ſtay
With Jenny of the green.

THE MILL, MILL—O.

BENEATH a green ſhade I fand a fair maid
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill—O,
A' lowan wi' love my fancy did rove,
Around her with good will—O,
Her boſom I preſs'd; but ſunk in her reſt,
She ſtirr'dna my joy to ſpill—O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and ſkill—O;
Fra 'er quietly I ſtaw, hois'd ſails and awa,
For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraiſing [fame
Tald me with a voice right ſhrill—O.

My lafs, like a fool, had mounted the ſtool,
Nor ken'd wha'd done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my ſon in her arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell—O.
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth ſhe, let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.
Love gae the command, I took her by th' hand,
And bade her a' fears expell—O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed myſell—O.

My bonny ſweet lafs on the gowany graſs,
Beneath the ſhilling hill—O,
If I did offence, I'ſe make ye amends
Before I leave Peggy's mill O.
O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
And the cogging of the wheel—O;
The ſack and the ſieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
And round with a ſodger reel—O.

SONG.

HARK the hills and dales reſounding,
Thrilling to the huntſman's cry,
See the villagers ſurrounding,
At the hounds and horns reply.
Swift as light'ning ſee aſpiring,
Hounds and hunters in full flight,
Woods and groves and grots retiring,
Hunting is the buck's delight.

View ſo fleet the hounds purſuing,
Reynard faultering out of breath,
Vigorous chace his ſtrength ſubduing,
In we break upon the death.
Joyous next with roſy laſſes,
See around the ſocial board,
Drinking, ſinging o'er full glaſſes,
All that hunting joys afford.

SONG.

Too long the rhymeſters of the age,
Thoſe ſcribbling ſons of ſtrife,
Have dar'd a crow quill war to wage
With dames of higher life:
I am the ſex's championeſs,
And now ſtand forth alone,
Prepar'd to reſcue and redreſs
The ladies of the *ton*.

Ye fair who taſte and faſhion love,
I ſummon to my ſong.
To all the world I'll plainly prove,
We never can do wrong;
Tho' trifling duties we neglect
To modiſh life unknown,
'Tis ſenſe and reaſon ſtill direct
The ladies of the *ton*.

If glad we ſeek the midnight hour
Which others ſnore away,

'Tis but to reconſider more
The labours of the day;
If all the night we paſs at whiſt,
'Tis for reflection done,
In hopes our mem'ries to aſſiſt,
And fit us for the *ton*.

If dreading pointed ridicule,
To huſbands we ſeem loth,
And with our lovers play the fool,
'Tis tenderneſs for both;
For kind to theſe the world derides,
And harſh to thoſe they moan;
So pure compaſſion only guides
The ladies of the *ton*.

If in our coaches bent in two
We're tortur'd ev'ry day,
It proves how much we can go through
When faſhion leads the way;
Then mark its pow'r ye belles and ſmarts,
For faſhion I have ſhewn,
May break the necks, if not the hearts,
Of ladies of the *ton*.

JOHN HAY's BONNY LASSIE.

By ſmooth winding Tay a ſwain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining
Myſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover.

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtranger,
If ſhe's not my bride, my days are nae langer;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good-morrow.
The ſward of the mead enamel'd with daiſies,
Look wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is Hay's bonny laſſie.

SONG.

THIS world is a ſtage,
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng,
But all is confuſion,
Mere folly, deluſion,
And faith nothing elſe but a ſong, a ſong, a ſong,
And faith nothing elſe but a ſong.

The parſon ſo grave,
Says your ſoul he will ſave,
And point the right way from the wrong;
After piouſly teaching,
And long winded preaching,
He puts off his flock with a ſong, &c.

The doctor he fills
You with bolus and pills,
With aſſurance to make you live long;
But believe me, 'tis true,
The guinea's in view,
And the reſt is all but a ſong, &c.

The ſurgeon ſo bold,
His lancit doth hold,
And flaſhes your body along;
Small wounds he enlarges,
To ſwell up your charges,
His art like the reſt is a ſong, &c.

The ſoldier he rattles,
Of ſieges and battles,
And actions that he's been among;
His preferment and ſpirit,
Are both like his merit,
You ſee they are bought for a ſong, &c.

The maſter he cries,
See the clouds how they riſe,
Up aloft my briſk lads, it blows ſtrong;
Boy, make us ſome flip,

And I'll warrant the ſhip,
Will ſoon reach her port, is his ſong.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
The lawyer he ſcribbles,
And moves his mellifluous tongue,
'Twixt a demur and vacation,
He'll raiſe expection
Then ſink your eſtate to a ſong, &c.

The merchant is bent,
On his twenty per cent.
To him journal and ledger belong;
Commiſſion with charges,
His profit enlarges
'Till his ballance may end in a ſong, &c.

With powder and lace,
And effeminate face,
The gay fop behold ſtrutting along;
Juſt arriv'd from his travels,
At nothing he levels,
But juſt at a dance and a ſong, &c.

The gentle coquet,
She's all in a fret,
In the morn if her toilet be wrong;
The whole day ſhe will paſs,
To conſult her dear glaſs,
And at night die away with a ſong, &c.

The ſurly old prude,
She will ſay you are rude,

For the bliſs tho' ſhe ſecretly long,
But take her aſide,
You may manage her pride,
And her virtue bring down to a ſong, &c.

The courtier he ſmiles,
At the time he beguiles,
And feeds you with promiſes long;
He ſqueezes your hand,
And calls you his friend,
Tho' he means nothing more than a ſong, &c.

Then let us be jolly,
Drive hence melancholly,
Since we are brave fellows among,
Taſte life as it paſſes,
And fill up our glaſſes,
And each honeſt blade ſing a ſong, &c.

THE GREY COCK. *A fragment.*

O Saw ye my father, or ſaw ye my mother,
Or ſaw ye my true love John?
I ſaw not your father, I ſaw not your mother,
But I ſaw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the ſtars gi'e nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong;
He's met wi' ſome delay, that cauſeth him to ſtay,
But he will be here 'ere long.

The ſurly auld carle did naething but ſnarl,
And Johnny's face grew red:

Yet tho' he often ſigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
Till all were aſleep in bed.

Up Johnny roſe, and to the door he goes,
And tirled at the pin;
The laſſy taking tent, unto the door ſhe went,
And ſhe open'd, and let him in.

And are you come at laſt, and do I hold you faſt,
And is my Johnny true?
I hae nae time to tell, but ſae lang's I like myſell,
Sae lang ſhall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck ſhall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the ſilver grey.

The cock prov'd falſe, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er ſoon;
The laſſy thought it day, when ſhe ſent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

SONG.

The nymph that I lov'd was as bonny and gay,
And as ſweet as the bloſſoming hawthorn in May;
And as ſweet as the bloſſoming hawthorn in May:
Her temper was ſmooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the mother's of love,
And her face was as fair as the mother's of love.

Tho' mild as the pleaſanteſt Zephyr that ſheds,
And receives gentle odours from violet beds,
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaſte as the ſilver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unſully'd as new fallen ſnow,
Yet as lively as tints of young Iris's bow;
As clear as the ſpring, and as deep as the flood,
She, tho' witty, was wiſe, and tho' beautiful, good.

The ſweets that each virtue or grace had in ſtore,
She cull'd, as the bee does the bloom of each flow'r;
Which treaſur'd for me, O how happy was I,
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

FLOWDEN-HILL.

I'VE heard of a lilting at our ewes milking,
Laſſes a' lilting before the break of day;
But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
That our braw foreſters are a wed away.

At boughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are ſcorning,
The laſſes are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but ſighing and ſabbin,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en, at the glomin, nae ſwankies are roaming
'Mong ſtacks, with the laſſes at bogle to play,
But ilk ane ſits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the foreſt that are wed away.

At har'ſt, at the ſhearing, nae younkers are jeering,
The ban'ſters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order, ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh, for ance, by guile gat the day;
The flower of the foreſt, that aye ſhone the foremoſt,
The prime of our land lyes cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes milking,
The woman and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

THE MODERN FINE LADY.

POETS formerly thought that their duty was done
From Similes fitting a miſtreſs with one;
But the modern fine lady appropriating all,
Would exhauſt the compariſons fetch'd from this ball.

Like a wag-tail, ſhe's fond of all watering places,
Like a chaplain, no friend to very long graces;
Like a kite ſhe has taſſels, and much ſcribbled paper;
Her train is as long, and her waiſt is as taper.

Like a clock ſhe is tatling and pointing each mo ment,
To that upon which we'd diſpenſe with a comment;
Like a ſhuttle-cock's handed from fribble to fribble,
With a foil for companion ſhe ſhines like a pebble.

Her hair's like the ſea, deck'd with ſhells—lovers pledges!
Where hearts are entangled, like fiſhes in ſedges;
Her hand, glov'd in white, reſembles a quaker;
In reckoning kiſſes, ſhe counts like a baker.

Like a blackſmith ſhe labours in forging ſtrong fetters,
For unwary men, like a priſon of debtors;
From each new acquaintance ſhe ſtill exacts garniſh;
Like iv'ry her teeth, and her cheeks are like varniſh.

Like a weaver, ſhe dreams of ſilks, chintzes, and ſattins;
As free as St James's, as private as mattins:
As loud as a drum, as inveigling as claret;
As mad as Moorfield's when ſhe ſees a new chariot.

She friſks like a kitten, ſurrounded by viſors,
As ſwift as a falcon, and ſharp as her ſciſſars,
At picking a hole in a friend's reputation,
Wide enough for the curious t' indulge ſpeculation.

O woman! O woman!—thou whimſical thing,
Whoſe tongue drops with honey, whoſe tail hath a ſting;
Whoſe bottom is cork, and whoſe top is of feather,
Whoſe mind ſhifts as quick as the wind and the weather.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of ſweet May-day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to ſing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair;
Young Jockey, early in the morn
Aroſe, and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the Fair;
For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The chearful pariſh bells had rung,
With eager ſteps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which ſhepherds us'd to wear;
He tapt the window, Haſte, my dear;
Jenny impatient, cried, Who's there?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the Fair;
Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's faſt aſleep,
My brother's up, and with the ſheep;
And will you ſtill your promiſe keep
Which I have heard you ſwear;
And will you ever conſtant prove;
I will by all the Powers above,

And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
Diſpel thoſe doubts, and haſte my love
With Jockey to the Fair;
Diſpel thoſe doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the ſhepherd cry'd,
Will Jenny be my charming bride;
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there:
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He wou'd be conſtant, wou'd be true;
His word was pledg'd, away ſhe flew,
With cowſlips tipt with balmy due,
With Jockey to the Fair;
With cowſlips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
Their gay companions blythe and young,
Each join the dance, each join the throng,
To hail the happy pair;
In turns there's none ſo fond as they,
They bleſs the kind propitious day,
The ſmiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away
With Jockey to the Fair;
When lovely Jenny, &c.

MUTUAL LOVE.

WHENE'ER I meet my Celia's eyes,
Sweet raptures in my boſom riſe,
My feet forget to move;

She too declines her lovely head,
Soft bluſhes o'er her cheeks are ſpread,
Sure this is mutual love!

My beating heart is wrapt in bliſs
Whene'er I ſteal a tender kiſs
Beneath the ſilent grove:
She ſtrives to frown, and puts me by,
Yet anger dwells not in her eye,
Sure this is mutual love!

And once, O once, the deareſt maid,
As on her breaſt my head was laid
Some ſureſt impulſe drove;
Me, me, her gentle arms careſt,
And to her boſom cloſely preſt,
Sure this was mutual love!

Tranſported with her blooming charms,
A ſoft deſire my boſom warms
Forbidden joys to prove:
Trembling for fear ſhe ſhould compſy,
She from my arms prepares to fly,
Tho' warm'd with mutual love:

O ſtay, I cry'd—let Hymen's bands
This moment tie our willing hands,
And all thy fears remove:
She bluſh'd conſent; her fears ſuppreſt;
And now we live, ſupremely bleſt,
A life of mutual love.

SONG.

How little do the landſmen know
Of what we ſailors feel,
When waves do mount, and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of ſteel.
No danger can affright us,
No enemy ſhall flout;
We'll make the monſieurs right us,
So toſs the can about.

Stick cloſe to orders, meſſmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and ſink;
Then France have at your firſt-rates,
For Britons never ſhrink.
We'll rummage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by ſcores,
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
With our noble commodore,
We'll ſpend our wages freely, boys,
And then to ſea for more.
In peace we'll drink and ſing, boys,
In war we'll never fly:
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

A CURIOUS MEDLEY.

By the Rev. Author of TULLOCHGORUM.

An' thou wert mine ain thing
I'd o'er the hills and far awa';
I'd o'er the hills and far awa'; for——
My wife ſhe drinks naething but ſack and canary;
O, gin my wife wou'd drink——
Water parted from the ſea
May increaſe the happy, happy pair——
None but the brave, none but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves——
The early horn ſalutes the morn, that gilds——
The fearful midnight hour,
When all were faſt aſleep——*inglided*
Jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown the night with—Auld Rob Morris—
He's ſweeter than the new blown roſe
Or fragrance from the new-mown *cloſe*
He's ſweeter than the April morn——

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld
And froſt and ſnaw on ilka hill——
Deſpairing beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was—*ſwinging ſlow*
With ſullen roaring—*ſwinging ſlow*
With this ſame Katharine Ogie.
Ah! the poor ſhepherd's mournful fate
When doom'd to——
Cauld kaill in Aberdeen, and caſtocs in Stra'bogie
Gin you meet a bonny laſſy,

Gi'e her a kiſs, and let her gae;
But gin you meet a dirty huſſy——

Balow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep:
Balow, my boy, lie ſtill and ſleep,—
And had awa' frae me Donald——
This is a melancholy day!
Hark, hark, I hear Apollo's team——
The carman 'gins to whiſtle—
Chaſte Diana bends her bow, and the boar begins to—
The laſs of Peaty's mill.
Sae bonny blyth and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
She's ſtole my doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee ſoup——

Why thus perplex us, poor ſons of A—pollo
Once finding fair Daphne alone, diſcover'd his—
—Awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd
He pierc'd thro' his body, inſteed of——
The bonny bruikit laſſie—ſhe's
Blyth, blyth, blyth was ſhe;
Blyth was ſhe, but and ben;
And well ſhe lov'd a——
Puſh around the bowl, 'twill cheriſh the heart.
While thus we ſit round on the graſs:
The lover, who talks of ſuff'rings and ſmart,
Deſerves to be reckon'd——
A free and an accepted Maſon;

For kings, dukes, and lords——
Wha wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her going to—Arms, to arms——
What had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?
Give me a laſs with a lump of land——
And I'll go no more a roving, boys,
So late into the night;
And I'll go no more a——

Roving with love, my fancy did move,
Around—the roaſt beef of Old England,
And O the Engliſh roaſt-beef.
Mourn, hapleſs Caladonia, mourn, for——
The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges are rang'd, a trouble ſhow——
With ev'ry man a cann in's hand,
And a wench upon his knee.——

But let them ſay, or let them do,
'Tis a' ane to me——for
The carle he came o'er the craft,
With his beard new ſhaven——
And I'll o'er bogie wi' my love,
I'll o'er bogie wi' him——for
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but——
Honeſt auld John Ochiltree,
My honeſt auld John Ochiltree,
Will you come o'er the muir to me——and
Row me on a lee-rig, my ain kind deary O;
And row me on a lee-rig, my ain kind deary O;

But now alas! my ſpirits ſink,
I'll raiſe them up with—Lillibulero, bullenala—

The modes of the court ſo common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met——
Upon the pier of Leith——
And ſaw my love come o'er the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me
And when he comes hame will make me——
—A jolly miller once, liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd and ſung from morn to night,
No lark more blyth than he:
And this the burden of his ſong, for ever us'd to be—
—Oho! Mr. More, your a ſon of a w—e;
I wiſh I had known your tricks——
Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock, by hens attended——
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while ſuſpended——
'Till one he ſingles from the reſt,
And cheers the happy hen with——

Laſſy, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kaim;
For fainneſs, deary, I'll gar you keckle——
On every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each ſtream;
Dear conſcious ſcenes of——Harmleſs play,
And naething ſure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard——

Ev'ry man take his glaſs in his hand,
And drink a good health to the king:
Many years may he rule o'er this land,
May his laurels for ever freſh ſpring,
Let wrangling and jangling ever ceaſe,
And ev'ry man ſtrive for his country's peace,
Neither Tory nor Whig,
With their parties look big.
Here's a health to all honeſt men!

SPRING: *A new* SONG.

THE birds ſweetly carrol, Spring leads up the year,
And trips it away with the light-footed hours:
In ſpite of black Winter that ſcowls in the rear,
She wakes as ſhe paſſes her bloſſoms and flow'rs.

CHOR. Then ſmile with the ſeaſon,
Ye children of reaſon,
Her bleſſings let nature impart,
Of ſorrow beware,
The Winter is care,
But joy is the ſpring of the heart.

While nature thus ſcatters her fragrance around,
Inchants with her muſic the foreſt and grove;
Embroiders with daiſies the green velvet ground,
And brings forth the ſeaſon of rapture and love.
Smile, ſmile with the ſeaſon, &c.

New life ſhould flow briſkly and dance in the veins,
As it ſhoots thro' the fibres of plant and of tree;

The warmth of kind nature has broke Winter's
'chains,
And bids all creation be happy and free!
Then ſmile with the ſeaſon, &c.

As a froſt, wicked froſt, may the bloſſoms deſtroy,
Lay waſte in a night the fair hopes of the day;
So the heart may be nipp'd, and be dead to all joy;
To gilt-blighted boſoms, 'tis Winter in May.
Then ſmile with the ſeaſon, &c.

Ye daughters of Britain, let nature's own hand
Spread the roſe on the cheek, give the glance to
the eyes;
In the gay round of pleaſure let prudence command,
Nor think it too low, to be merry and wiſe.
Then ſmile with the ſeaſon, &c.

When ſpring is too forward, 'tis nipp'd in the bloom,
The bud and the bloſſom is blighted, and dies;
So youth in her beauty may meet the ſame doom,
Then be not too forward—be merry and wiſe.
Then ſmile with the ſeaſon, &c.

COLIN's REQUEST.

HELP me each harmonious grove,
Gentle whiſper all ye trees,
Tune each warbling throat to love,
Cool each mead with ſofter breeze,
Tune each warbling throat to love,
Cool each mead with ſofter breeze.

Breath ſweet odour ev'ry flower;
All your various painting ſhew;
Pleaſing verdure grace each bower,
Around let ev'ry bleſſing flow.

Glide ye limpid brooks along,
Phœbus glance thy mildeſt ray,
Murm'ring floods repeat my ſong,
And tell what Colin dare not ſay.

Celia comes whoſe charming air
Fires with love the rural ſwains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming fair,
That Colin dies if ſhe diſdains.

SONG.

Let poets praiſe the paſture mead,
The moſs-clad hill, and dale,
The ſhepherd piping on the reed,
The maid with milking pail.

The lark who ſoars on pinions high,
With melliſluous note,
The ſheep, the herd, the butterfly,
The friſky fawn, and goat.

The bubbling brook, the grot, the grove,
The blooming flow'rs ſo gay,
The wood, the brake, the ſweet alcove,
Or ſmiling dawn of day.

While I a loftier theme rehearſe,
And think on theſe no more,
But praiſe in fond and faithful verſe
The object I adore.

Her ſkin is like the lily white,
Her cheeks red roſes are,
Her eyes outſhine the ſun-beam's light,
Her ſhape moſt debonair.

Her manners mild as turtle-dove,
In ringlets flow her hair;
She looks, ſhe is the queen of love,
And faireſt of the fair.

Her breath like ſpicy odours ſweet
That ſcent the eaſtern clime;
Her mind, her ways are all complete,
And ſource of all ſublime.

To dwell with her through life's ſhort ſpace,
And view her heav'nly charms,
Are all the joys I wiſh to trace,
Then die within her arms.

SONG.

I Told my nymph, I told her true
My fields were ſmall, my flocks were few,
While flatt'ring accents ſpoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove ſincere.

Of crops deſtroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant ſheep that left my fold,
Of theſe ſhe heard, yet bore to hear,
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

Now chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind;
She hear'd, and ſhed a generous tear,
And is not Flavia then ſincere?

How if ſhe deign'd my love to bleſs,
My Flavia muſt not hope for dreſs;
This too ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear,
And Flavia ſure muſt be ſincere.

Go ſhear your flocks, ye jovial ſwains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains,
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love ſincere.

SONG.

LOVELY Nymph, aſſuage my anguiſh;
At your feet, a tender ſwain
Prays you will not let him languiſh;
One kind look would eaſe his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long need ſue in vain;
Prince of ſong, of dance, and ſports—you
Scarce will meet the like again.

SONG.

WHAT ails my heart? 'tis ſtrangely ſad,
Or, ſure, 'tis not the ſame I had.
Yes, 'tis the ſame, I feel it plain,
Who gave moſt pleaſure, gives moſt pain:
Now ev'ry thought diſturbs my mind,
And tells me Flora's now unkind.

The treacherous ſigh ſteals unawares,
And tells too true my inward cares;
The night inflames my lab'ring breaſt,
And ſleep denies her balmy reſt:
Then ev'ry thought diſtracts my mind,
And tells me Flora's now unkind.

One maid has taught my heart to know
The joy ſincere, and real woe.
Grief, baffled long, with all her cares,
Now threat'ning, claims her whole arrears:
Each trifle now inſults my mind,
And tells me Flora's now unkind.

But peace, my heart, and calmly bear
Thy wrongs, nor once reproach the fair.
Ye kindeſt fates, long let her live,
To taſte the ſweeteſt joys you give:
To me reſtore a chearful mind,
Tho' Flora's falſe, or make her kind.

SONG.

TUNE,—*Goodnight, and joy be wi' you a'.*

How happy is he, whoever he be,
That in his lifetime meets one true friend,
Who cordially does ſympathize
In words, in actions, heart and mind;
My kind reſpects do not neglect,
Although my wealth or ſtate be ſmall;
With a melting heart, and a mournful eye,
I beg the Lord be wi' you all.

My loving friends, I kiſs your hands,
For time invites me for to move:
On your poor ſervant lay commands,
Who is ambitious of your love.
He, whoſe pow'r and might, both day and night,
Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,
To ſun and moon gives courſe of light,
Direct, protect, defend you all.

I do proteſt, within my breaſt,
Your memory I'll not neglect;
On that record I'll lay arreſt,
No change ſhall ever alter it.
All I deſire of earthly bliſs,
Is to be freed from guilt or thrall;
I hope my God will grant me this;
Goodnight, and God be wi' you all.

CATCHES AND GLEES.

CATCH.

THE TOAST; *written by Mr* CUNNINGHAM.

For Three Voices.

GIVE the toaſt, my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
And let the briſk moments paſs jocund away:
Here's the King—take your bumpers, my brave
Britiſh ſouls,
Who guards your freedom ſhould crown your full
bowls.
Let him live—long and happy—ſee Lewis brought
down;
And taſte all the comforts—no cares of a crown.

CATCH.

WHICH, which is the road to a place of good chear?
For hunger and thirſt wants a houſe that is near.
To the right, then the left, 'tis as ſtrait as a line;
Then this ſide, then that ſide; look ſharp for the
ſign!
When you come to the guide-poſt, you'll ſee the
Green Man.
To dinner, to dinner, as faſt as you can!

CATCH.

For Three Voices.

COME, honeſt friends, and jovial boys,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow me, and ſing this catch,
And ſing this catch, and ſing this catch,
And ſing this catch merry, merrily.
Jovial boys, and honeſt friends, follow, &c.
Honeſt friends, come, follow me.
Jovial boys, come follow, follow me,
And ſing this catch, &c.

CATCH.

For Three Voices.

JACK, thou'rt a toper, Jack thou'rt a toper,
Let's have t' other quart;
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring.
We're ſo ſober, ſo ſober, ſo ſober,
'Twere a ſhame to part.
None but a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold,
Bully'd by his wife for coming, coming,
Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
Coming, coming, coming late, fears a domeſtic ſtrife,
I'm free, I'm free, and ſo are you, ſo are you, ſo are you too,
Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,
Knock boldly, knock boldly,
Tho' watchmen cry, Paſt two o'clock.

THE IRISH ECHO.

A Dialogue Catch.

HAVE you heard our Vauxhall echo!
With his hark, his tea, and his cram—*cram!*
He's a blockhead to what we can ſhow,
Not worthy a ſlice of our ham—*ham!*
Pray, Sir! tell us, where did you find him?
Arrah! ax not, my jewel, but mind him.
He's my countryman's ſon,
And he'll ſhew you ſome fun,
From the *Dargle* he comes, you may try him—
Honey, try him.

If Iriſh, we freely may ply him,
St *Patrick* to beauty
Has taught him his duty.
Come then, lads, let us try, try him:
Dear *Patrick* ſay! "How do you do?—
ECHO—"*Very well, dear jewel, I thank you!*
Ha, ha, ha, try again:
"How do you do!"
ECHO—"*Pretty well, I thank you!*"

CATCH.

For Three Voices.

LET us love, and drink our liquor,
We ſhall ſpend our means the quicker:
Here's to thee, kind friend of Nicker.

CATCH.

For Four Voices.

See, my boys, the fuming bowl,
Let jolly bumpers take their round;
Rapture ſeize on ev'ry ſoul,
'Till loud each chearful voice reſound.
Pow'r and wealth,
Beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleaſure's found,
Only where the glaſs goes round.

CATCH.

For Three Voices.

Since, my Phillis has fallen, has fallen to my ſhare,
In a bumper I'll drink, I'll drink, I'll drink to the fair.
And the man here who envies me moſt,
Let him bid me ſay more, ſay more, ſay more to that toaſt.
For a larger, I'll ſoon, ſoon change my cup:
To the brim full, to the brim full, fill the conſtable,
To the brim fill the conſtable,
To the brim fill the conſtable up.

CATCH.

For Three Voices.

HARK! the bonny Chriſt-church bells,
One, two, three, four, five, ſix,
They ſound ſo wond'y great, ſo wond'rous ſweet,
And they toll ſo merrily, merrily.
Hark! the firſt and ſecond bell,
That every day, at four, and ten,
Cries, come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
And the Verger trips before the Dean.
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the ſmall bell at nine,
To call the bearers home;
But the ne'er a man will leave his cann,
Till he hear the mighty Tom.

CATCH.

For Three Voices.

HARK, Harry!—Harry, hark!—Harry, 'tis late!
Tis late, Harry! come, let us begone;
'For Weſtminſter Tom, by my faith, ſtrikes one.
Say'ſt a ſo—ſay'ſt a ſo—ſay'ſt thou ſo, honeſt lad?
What makes him ſo ſaucy to ſtrike one,
And yet not tell us the cauſe why?
Piſh—piſh—piſh—piſh—piſh—piſh!
It was done in good part, to get us away,
And he'll certainly double his blow if we ſtay.

CATCH.

For Four Voices.

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It was done in good part, to get us away,
And he'll certainly double his blow if we ſtay.

CATCH.

For Three Voices, by Mr. EDMUND NELHAM.

How merrily looks the man that hath gold?
He ſeemeth but twenty, tho' threeſcore years old.
How nimble the bee that flieth about,
And gathereth honey within and without!
But, men without money,
And bees without honey,
Are nothing better than drones.

CATCH.

For Three Voices, by the Same.

HAVE you any work for a tinker, miſtreſs!
Old braſs, old pots, or kettles,
I'll mend them all—with a tink, terry tink,
And never hurt your metals.

Firſt let me have but a touch of your ale,
'Twill ſteel me againſt cold weather;
Or tinkers trees, or vintners lees,
Or tobacco, chuſe you whether.

But of your ale, your nappy ale,
I would I had a firkin,
For I am old, and very very cold,
And never wear a jerkin.

CATCH.

For Three Voices, by Mr. MORGAN.

QUOTH Jack on a time to Tom, I'll declare it,
I've a mind we ſhould fuddle our noſes with claret;
Says Tom, It will do you more harm than you think:
Fie on you, ſays Jack, who can live without drink?
I'll ne'er baulk my wine, Here's to thy diſpoſe:
Tom pretends not to drink; pray look at his noſe.

CATCH.

For Four Voices, by Mr. WOODWARD.

QUOTH Roger to Nelly, ſuppoſe I were dead,
Suppoſe I were dead;
Quoth Roger to Nelly, ſuppoſe I were dead,
Wou'd you get another, wou'd you get another
Goodman in my ſtead, in my ſtead?
Wou'd you get another goodman in my ſtead?
Yes, that I wou'd, Roger—I'd Roger—I'd Roger!
Pray, man, do not ſtare, do not ſtare, do not ſtare:
Yes, that I wou'd, Roger—I'd Roger—I'd Roger!
Pray, man, do not ſtare, do not ſtare!
Wou'd you have me hug pillow and bolſter, my dear?
Wou'd you have me hug pillow and bolſter, my dear?

CATCH.

For Three Voices.

'Twas you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir,
I tell you nothing new, Sir,
'Twas you that kiſs'd the pretty maid,
'Twas you, Sir, you.
'Tis true, Sir, 'tis true, Sir,
You look ſo very blue, Sir;
I'm ſure you kiſs'd the pretty maid,
'Tis true, Sir, true.
O Sir, no, Sir, no, no, no, Sir,
How can you wrong me ſo, Sir?
I did not kiſs the pretty maid,
But I know who.

GLEE.

L'ALLEGRO ED IL PENSOROSO.

L'Allegro.

Love ſhall not diſturb our reſt,
Social joys of life are beſt;
We're for frolic, ſport, and play,
Come and laugh your hours away!

Il Penſoroso.

Let us trace the lonely vale
Hear the love-lorn nightingale;

Love invites to ſecret glades,
Purling ſtreams, and moonlight ſhades.

L'ALLEGRO.

We enjoy our crouded plains,
Chearful nymphs, and careleſs ſwains,
Join with us the buſy throng,
We're for merry, dance and ſong!

IL PENSOROSO.

Love's fond paſſion ſoothes the mind.
We're to tender love inclin'd;
Sweet its languors, calm its joys,
Friend to peace, and foe to noiſe.

CHORUS.

When pleaſure's inviting, obey the glad call,
Let all have delight, for there's joy for us all;
Here's mirth for the jovial, who never repine.
For love, here's the myrtle; for wit, the rich vine.

SUMMER. A GLEE.

WHERE the murm'ring river flows,
Where the trembling willows play,
We enjoy a cool repoſe,
From the buſy glare of day:
Summer's heat diſturbs the breaſt,
Ev'ry paſſion ſhould be ſtill;

Ev'ry thought is lull'd to reſt
By the ſweetly tinkling rill.

GLEE.

For three Voices.

ARM, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry:
Let us live free, or let us die.
Trumpets ſounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying.
Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die.
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!

GLEE.

For Three Voices.

HENCE with care, complaint, and frowning,
Welcome jolity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleaſure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ.
Let's to friendſhip do our duty,
Laugh, and ſing ſome good old ſtrain;
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

The KING.
The QUEEN.
The ROYAL FAMILY.
The friends of Government.
Succeſs to the royal navy.
The land we live in.
Love without fear,
And life without care.
The Land of Cakes.
All abſent friends.
Life, love, and liberty.
Gaiety and innocence.
Love and friendſhip.
Frugality without meanneſs.
Comfort to the diſtreſſed.
Health and competency.
Peace and plenty.
May we always be bleſt,
With what we like beſt.
Corn, horn, wool, and yarn.
All we wiſh, and all we want.
Love for love.
Health, joy, and mutual love.
Proviſion to the unprovided.
Decent economy.
Patience in adverſity.

May we always be able to reſiſt the aſſaults of proſperity and adverſity.
May virtue be always amply rewarded.
May candor and honeſty always be our governing principles.
May our conſcience be ſound though our fortune be rotten.
May temptation never conquer virtue.
May virtue always prove victorious.

May temporal concerns never break in upon ſpiritual duty.

May power be influenced only by juſtice.

May we never taſte the apples of affliction.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by thoſe whom we love.

May he who wants friendſhip alſo want friends.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

Senſibility without inequality, and paſſions without vehemence.

May our hearts have for tenants, Truth, Candor, and Benevolence.

May we never be influenced by jealouſy, nor governed by intereſt.

May we never praiſe any man to undo him.

May Providence unite the hearts that love.

May honour and honeſty always triumph over vanity and hypocriſy.

More friends, and leſs need of them.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean ſhirt, and a guinea.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May an honeſt heart never feel diſtreſs.

May our life, ſpent in acts of virtue, be finiſhed by death, ſeaſoned with tranquillity, and followed by a memory full of honour.

May our pleaſant thoughts be gilt with modeſt expreſſions.

May mirth and good fellowſhip be always in faſhion.

May he that made the devil take us all.

Perpetual ſpring to friendſhip, youth, and love.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.

Love in a cottage, and envy to none.

May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts.

May they never want who have a ſpirit to ſpend.

All true hearts and ſound bottoms.

Succeſs to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wiſhes.

Conſtancy in love, and ſincerity in friendſhip.

Friendſhip without intereſt, and love without deceit.

Succeſs to the Fair Sex in all their undertakings.

Good luck 'till we're tir'd of it.

Senſe to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

Delicate pleaſure to ſuſceptible minds.

May the ſingle be married, and the married happy.

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

Every man his right, and every rogue a halter.

All that love can give, or ſenſibility enjoy.

Health and ſucceſs to the Bucks of Berwick.

May the evening's diverſion bear the morning's reflection.

May the wings of Extravagancy be clipp'd by the ſciſſars of Economy.

May our endeavours be always ſucceſsful when engaged under the banner of juſtice.

May we never ſpeak to deceive, or liſten to betray.

The honeſt North-country ſmith, who refuſed to ſhoe for the man who voted againſt his country.

Honour and influence to the public-ſpirited Patrons of Trade.

May we be always able to diſtinguiſh thoſe, who, by a ſteady and uniform adherence to their duty, diſtinguiſh themſelves.

Liberty, Property, and no Exciſe.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

Union, ſtability, and fidelity, among the ſons of Liberty.

Succeſs to the lover, honour to the brave,
Health to the ſick, and freedom to the ſlave.

Life to the man who has courage to loſe it,
And wealth to him who has ſpirit to uſe it.

The ruling paſſion, be what it will,
The ruling paſſion governs nature ſtill.

A Cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine ſaddle, hard trotting horſe, and a long journey, to all the enemies of their country.

May authority be amiable, without debaſing its dignity.

May fortune be always attendant on virtue.

May our Repreſentatives, like Free Maſons, be elected by ballot.

May we never ſeek applauſe from party principles, but always deſerve it from public ſpirit.

May we never ſet our friend to ſale, or our conſcience to hire.

May our diſtinguiſhing mark be merit rather than money.

May we never deſtroy any perſon's credit to eſtabliſh our own.

May we be incorruptible by intereſt, and uninfluenced by power,

May thoſe who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth, deſerve it by their good behaviour.

May our endeavours be always ſucceſsful when engaged under the banner of juſtice.

May our virtues be rather the effects of religion than the gifts of nature.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May we never ſwear a tradeſman out of his dues, or a credulous girl out of her virtue.

Here's a health to all them that love this *,
Here's a health to all them that love this;
Here's a health to all thoſe that love them that love thoſe that love this.

I FRIEND, drink to thee, Friend,
As this Friend drank to me, Friend;
And, as this Friend charged me, Friend,
That I ſhould drink to thee, Friend;
I, Friend, charge thee, Friend:
That thou, Friend drink, to that Friend:
And the longer that we drink, Friends,
The merrier we ſhall be.

MAY ev'ry day be happier than the paſt,
An dev'ry hour merrier than the laſt.

* Holding a glaſs of punch royal in the hand.

May reaſon be the pilot, where Paſſion blows the gale,
And Prudence the cockſwain when love fills the ſail.

May each marry'd Lady preſerve her goodman;
And young Ladies get huſbands as ſoon as they can.

Money to him who has ſpirit to uſe it;
And life to him who has courage to loſe it.

Horſes ſtrong, and foxes plenty,
Men ſtout, and women healthy.

May all true hearts never want a ſhilling, and a good bedfellow.

Sunſhine and good-humour all the world over.

The friend we love, and the woman we dare truſt.

The three W's, Women, Wit, and Wine.

The harveſt of life, Love, Wit, and good Claret.

The union of two fond hearts.

The merry piper who dies at the end of his jig.

Thoſe who love pleaſure, and contribute to it.

May a black coat never cover a Hypocrite; nor a red coat a Coward.



END OF THE MISCELLANY.

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